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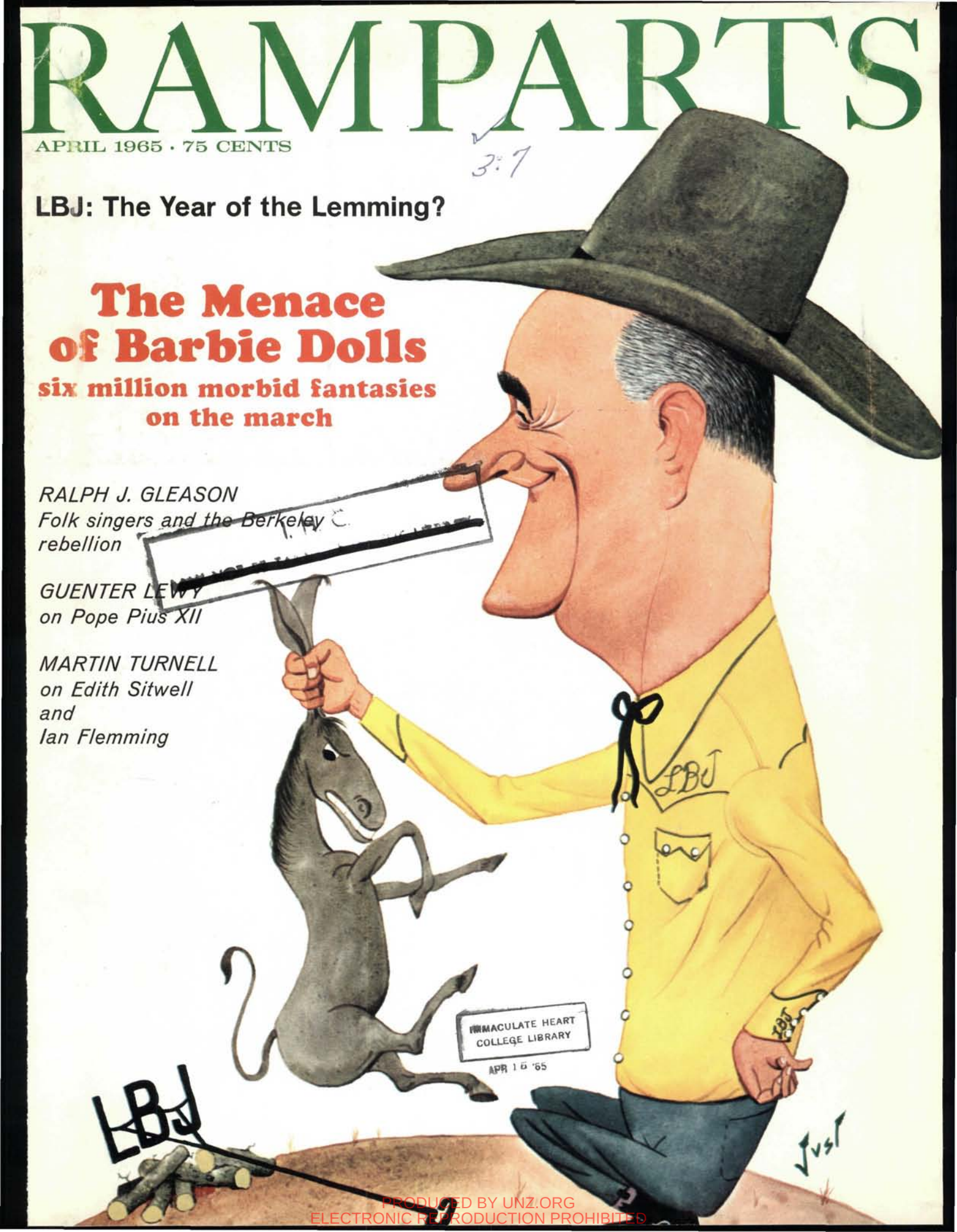

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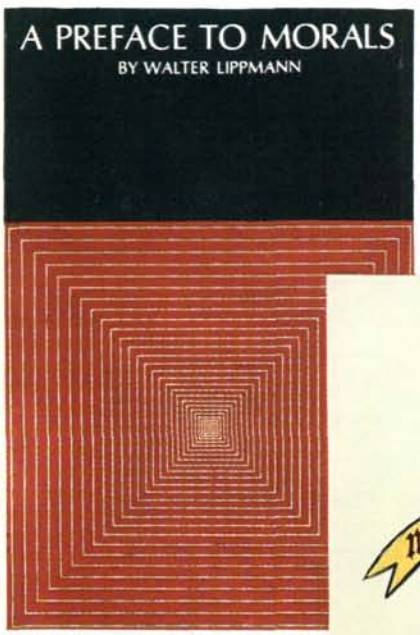

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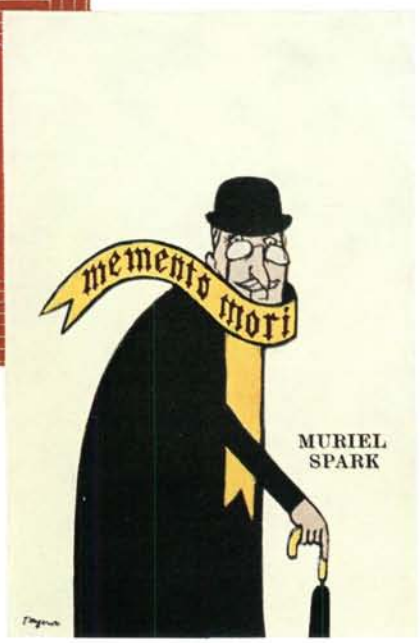

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Forgotten road to success in writing

One of America's highest paid free-lance authors tells of opportunities often overlooked by people who want to write

By J. D. Ratcliff

I can't understand why more beginners don't take the short road to publication—by writing articles for magazines and newspapers.

Last year over 250,000 articles were bought by general magazines alone. And that's only part* of a huge market that will pay well for pieces of almost any length on just about any subject that comes naturally to you. I've made a good living for 25 years writing articles, and I've enjoyed every minute of it.

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I've interviewed a dozen Nobel Prize-winners, including Sir Alexander Fleming who discovered penicillin. I've talked with heads of state, at least one king, scores of leading industrialists. In the past year, I covered stories from Bangkok to Buffalo.

It's a wonderful life. No commuter trains to catch, no office routine. Whether I'm at home, or abroad on assignment, I write from 8 a.m. to noon every day — no more, no less. My afternoons are my own.

How to pick subjects that sell

A big advantage of article writing is that you can break in with material right out of your own everyday experience. One of the first pieces I sold was about the adventures of a test pilot I knew. Another told the story of a friend of mine caught in a balloon that ran wild. Check the contents of any general magazine; chances are you'll find articles you might have written.

You can make good use of your special interests too. One of mine is science, and it's provided dozens of story ideas — from accounts of dramatic new heart operations, to a report on an astronomical observatory built out of salvaged junk. Your passion may be insurance or religion or football, raising roses or raising children. Whatever it is, you should be able to draw on it for articles that could inform and entertain thousands of readers.

Knowing *what* to write is about half the battle. The other half is knowing *how*. To produce saleable articles, you must master the tools and techniques used by all successful professional writers.

You might develop these skills on your own through sheer blood, sweat and rejection slips. But when I look back, I can't help thinking of all the time and agony I would have saved if I could have found a real "pro" to work with me.

Such help is now available to beginners everywhere through the Famous Writers School — founded by Rod Serling, Faith Baldwin, Bruce Catton, Bennett Cerf, Max Shulman, Mignon G. Eberhart, Bergen Evans, Red Smith, John Caples, Rudolf Flesch, Mark Wiseman and myself.

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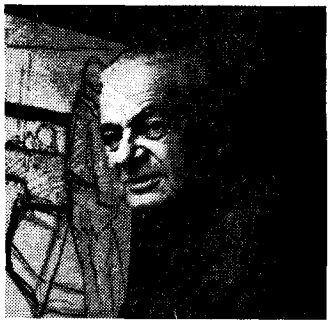

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RAMPARTS

VOLUME 3, NO. 7, APRIL 1965

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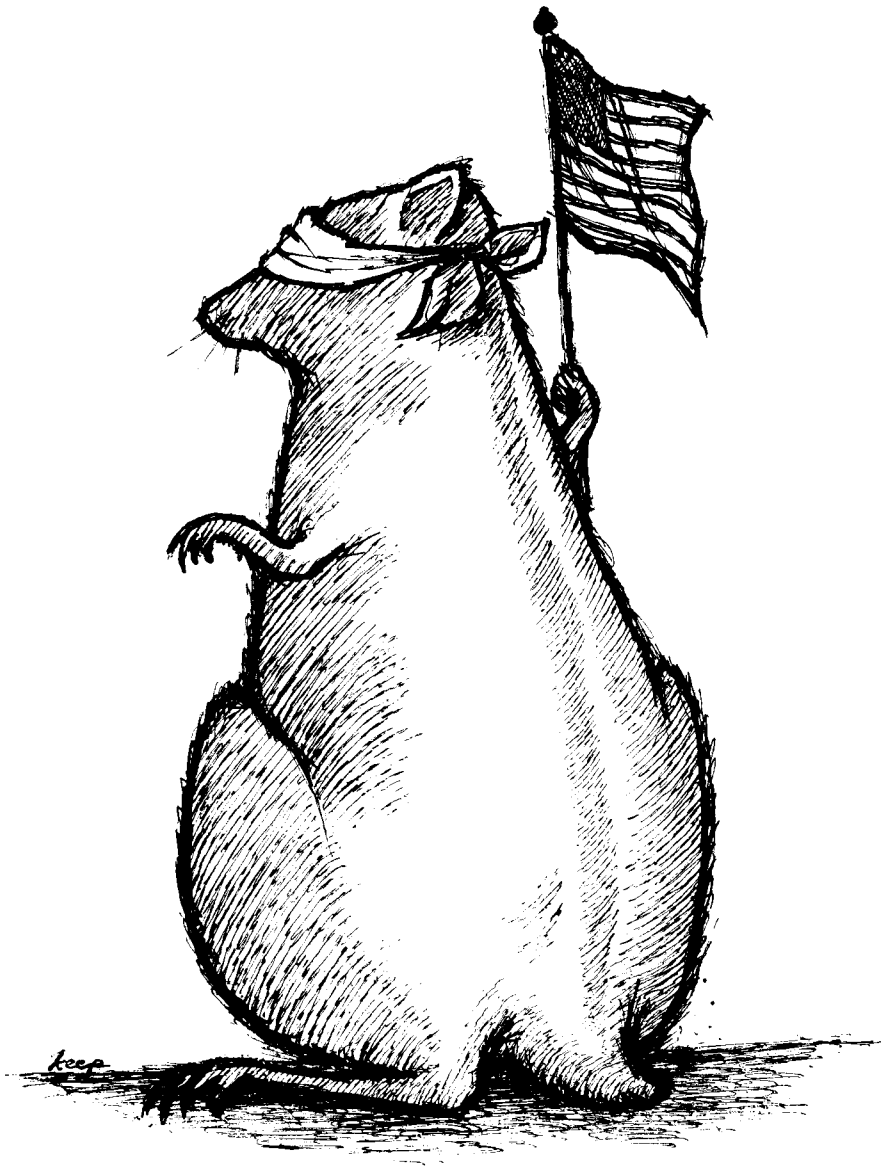
marginalia

EDITORIAL: The Year of the Lemming?



The period of mourning is over, the ambivalent interregnum is past; we now have a President. In that awkward year when he was neither president nor vice-president, Lyndon Johnson had to delicately finger the reins of authority that were still blood-stained by the awesome fratricide that took place in Dallas. As President pro-tem, Lyndon Johnson had to honor both a memory and a foreshortened adventure into the new frontier. As a result, no one could say where John Kennedy left off and where Lyndon Johnson began.

But this is done with now. We have a President. **Quo Vadis?**

Mr. Johnson won the presidency so handily that he runs the risk of thinking he has achieved an overwhelming victory over all those forces that would turn the clock back to a mythical past, and that he can now forge an American future in terms of what he describes as the Great Society. However, neither the President, nor the majority of Americans must dismiss those scores of millions who are profoundly disturbed by recent history. Indeed, they may be the prophets of our day.

Neither, however, can the President take as a mandate that which is not a mandate. This nation—indeed, the world—will suffer disaster if the President assumes that the American people, by their vote, are telling him, "Give us more of the same."

We cannot have more of the same. This nation, this society, cannot perpetuate habits of thought that say "more money should be spent on education," when the whole educational system is founded on values that have brought about the very crisis we are in. The American child is raised on an intellectual diet of competitiveness, of rewards and punishments, of beating out the other person, of chauvinism, and most wrongly, of the primacy of **things.** Do well in school to get a good job to make good money to buy good things to have the good life. Education must be practical; it must result in the production of things that will preserve the American way of life; i.e., a treadmill economy that must go faster and faster merely to stay alive.

The President cannot "give us more of

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the same" when it comes to defense (?) systems that already exceed the lusts of the most aggressive militarist. We cannot have a continuation of the lemming mentality that marches us all to the atomic sea of oblivion. Somehow we must rethink this problem and emerge from our suicidal state.

" . . . the lemming mentality that marches us to the sea of oblivion . . ."

We cannot have "more of the same," more dollars and more intricate programs that are currently parading as a War on Poverty. Like the Chinese water torture, this dropping of soft dollar bills on the foreheads of up to 50,000,000 Americans will only end in a crushing agony of heightened want and increased despair among the vast majority of the truly poor. The War on Poverty is founded upon the Establishment philosophy of a new department in the old bureaucracy for a new and revolutionary action. The War on Poverty merely smoothes out exposed splinters on the bottom third of the great middle class; it doesn't touch the untouchables.

Vietnam will become another Algeria, with escalating barbarism, if we continue with "more of the same." Are we to hurl more napalm bombs on more women and children? Are we to continue our bombings in Laos? If Laos, why not North Vietnam and even Red China? If we decamp, we run the risk of a Communist take over, but as far as the Vietnamese people are concerned, one tyrant is the same as another—merely standing on their necks with different boots. But we are hung up on Vietnam; our national pride won't let us swerve off a ruinous course. We will be immoral rather than lose face.

Negro Americans have been receiving "more of the same" for centuries. A flow of new laws, sporadic arrests with scarcely a conviction, and tedious conferences will never resolve this most basic problem flaying the national conscience. We must cease viewing pigmented citizens as "the Negroes," we must begin to realize they are human beings. If Mr. Johnson fails to lead a resolution of the crisis in human terms, and instead follows the practice of politically expedient maneuvers more designed to placate white Americans than to grant justice to 20,000,000 Negro Americans, he will discover that what should be the American dream will remain the American nightmare. This is not to insist that morality can be legislated, but rather that behavior **must** be legislated, that laws, some of which have been in existence for a century, be enforced and that those institutions, North and South, that crucify Negro Americans,

" . . . the American Nightmare . . ."

be forthrightly and immediately done away with.

It is fatuous to talk of a Civil Rights Law that will grant public accommodations, when people do not have the money for either a meal or a lodging. It is to the heart of the matter that we must all penetrate: the segregation of Negro Americans into ghettos with all the psychological, social, intellectual, and vocational consequences that stem from this prime fact of segregation.

" . . . a moral politics is needed . . ."

The ultimate issue is moral, but if politics is the extension of morality, then a moral politics is needed. Neither Negro Americans nor the conscience of man can tolerate more of the same.

These areas of vital national and international concern — education, thermonuclear war, poverty, Vietnam, racism, to mention the most obvious and pressing —call for solutions, but not in terms of "more of the same." If the President pursues courses that have been pursued before, he will preside over the dissolution of a nation.

What is needed is a revolution in the concept of man. Instead of thinking of segments of society—the segment that is poor, the segment that is Negro, the segment that is uneducated—we must think of the individual human being who is poor, persecuted, uneducated. Instead of thinking of "national" or "international" objectives that must be obtained or defended, we must think of the needs of people. We have inverted our hierarchy of values, with everything subordinated first to international considerations, then national objectives, regional designs, state requirements, county ambitions, city programs, before we can finally even begin to notice that underpinning all of this, and ultimately carrying the burden of all that is placed on him, is the figure of man.

"We have inverted our hierarchy of values . . ."

Man may perish in order that systems might flourish.

This is a form of insanity; man who should be the beneficiary of institutions, becomes instead the victim of those very institutions. Rather than dominate systems, man becomes dominated by them.

This comes about because of our philosophical inheritance. Under the influence of scholasticism, (with its origins in Hellenic thought), an "essential" man was posited—a man who was no more than an abstract theory bearing no relation whatsoever to real man. It is as if a committee had come into being to draft an ideal creature—totally imaginary—and then formulated a complex system of existence for this theoretical creature. As a

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consequence, when one observes living man, one observes a foreign substance who doesn't fit into the formula, thereby allowing whatever social or political systems that are momentarily operating to take over the center of the stage. The system works, with man distorted to fit within its rigid framework.

What is needed is a displacement of this grotesque "essential" philosophy that ignores the individual with an "existential" philosophy that sees man in terms of time and place. We must stop concentrating on institutions and systems and begin to see man the individual. We must stop knowing **about** the poor, the sick, the disenfranchised. We must begin to know **this** man in the slums who cannot find a job to support his family, **this** 75-year-old widow who dies slowly in some back room, alone and unloved, **this** Negro who cannot vote in Jackson, Mississippi.

". . . proceed to construct new systems institutions . ."

And once we have discovered man, then we can proceed to construct new systems and institutions that will have at their heart man himself. These systems and institutions will become extensions of man whose fulfillment should be the purpose for which everything else exists. We must do away with the primacy of such abstractions as "society," "public interests," "private enterprise," or "communism," and instead have a new primacy—the individual human being. This is essential because it is he who suffers from disease, poverty, and ignorance. It is he who perishes in war. Only when individual man becomes the focus of our attention and concern can we do anything for him.

Systems may perish in order that man might flourish.

Therefore, when Mr. Johnson contemplates the problems facing us, he mustn't think of them as national, international or even regional problems, he must view them as human problems. This will create an urgency for solution, for no man can witness the suffering of another **man** and remain unmoved. Abstractions never suffer; only man. If this comes about, programs, policies, and all the rest will flow easily; if not we all are in mortal danger.

Mr. Johnson, as President, must lead us, not to the sea, but to the heights. Upon his leadership much depends. But we cannot place the weight of the world on the back of one man; we must all share in this vital revolution. We can all begin by being a little bit more human; we can begin at the beginning, with ourselves.

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POLITICS: In California They Vote 'Yes' on 'No'

Edward W. McHugh worked for the committee to defeat Proposition 14. In this article, he analyzes why his side lost.

By Edward W. McHugh

An inquiry into the fate of Prop. 14

The victory in California of Proposition 14 by a 2-1 margin is considered the "severest setback" to the forces of fair housing since the current phase of the civil rights struggle began.

Other setbacks in fair housing legislation—during 1963 and 1964 in the cities of Berkeley, Seattle, Tacoma, Detroit, Dayton and Akron—are roadblocks in the drive for equal rights.

But, certainly, the overwhelming defeat of California's state-wide Rumford Fair Housing Act is of singular significance—not only because it affects 10% of the country's population, but because the "No on 14" campaign was strongly endorsed, relatively well-financed and backed by a hard-working army of volunteers.

Although widely predicted, the defeat of "No on 14" was a bitter disappointment. But were the reasons for the defeat understood?

Dr. Henry Fuller of Bakersfield, a "No on 14" campaign worker, said, "We put our message before the people, they understood it, and yet they voted against us."

This interpretation has been accepted by nearly everyone. Substantially, it is

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felt that the issue in the Proposition 14 campaign was racial prejudice, and that the forces of bigotry won a thumping victory.

Another theory that may be closer to the truth is found in the amendment itself.

. . . the rights of property owners . . .

Proposition 14 was so phrased as to focus attention on a subject that was peripheral to racial segregation—the rights of property owners.

The ballot title on Proposition 14 read: "Prohibits State, subdivision or agency thereof from denying, limiting or otherwise abridging right of any person to decline to sell, lease or rent residential real property to any person as he chooses."

Assume the following proposition appeared on the 1964 ballot alongside Proposition 14: "The State shall affirm the right of any person to live wherever he can afford to buy or rent, regardless of race, color or creed."

We believe that hundreds of thousands, perhaps millions, of Californians would vote for both Proposition 14 and the second proposition without seeing anything incongruous or contradictory about their choice.

Certainly, prejudice prompted a portion of the "Yes on 14" vote. How large a portion cannot be determined. One way to find out would be to place a proposition on the 1966 ballot which would give Californians the opportunity to show that in theory, if not always in practice, they recognize the moral soundness of equal rights.

Was Salinger defeated over Prop. 14?

Such a test might lay some ghosts that are haunting our political leaders. It is widely felt, for example, that Pierre Salinger was defeated because he fought against Proposition 14.

If this is true, politicians can hardly be blamed for ducking any confrontation of the civil rights issue. Their political lives depend on their ability to gauge public opinion. However, in the case of Proposition 14, no demonstrable issue transfer appears so far as Salinger is concerned.

Considering the results in conjunction with some Assembly and Congressional races, the picture becomes even more haphazard.

The vote totals: Yes on 14—4,526,460, or 65.4%; No on 14—2,395,747, or 34.6%. For George Murphy—3,628,555, or 51.5%; for Pierre Salinger—3,411,912, or 48.5%. Salinger won in 27 counties, Murphy in 31.

Only one county in the State, Modoc, delivered a majority for "No on 14"—by only 12 votes of more than 3,000 cast. If Salinger's endorsement of "No on 14" was a factor in the vote, one would confidently expect him to win in Modoc County. He did not.

In Solano County, Salinger won with 58% of the vote, ten points higher than his statewide percentage. If there is any relationship between his vote and Proposition 14, then Proposition 14 would have been defeated, or at least its margin of victory would have been relatively less. But Proposition 14 won in Solano County with 70%, five points **higher** than the statewide percentage. At the same time, Democratic Congressman Bob Leggett, a "No on 14" supporter, was beating his Pro-14 opponent 77% to 23%.

There are other illustrations to show that Salinger's defeat may be attributed to several factors, but not to his stand on Proposition 14.

Our elected representatives have little to fear from issue transfer so far as Proposition 14 is concerned. The "yes" vote may not have been prompted by prejudice. Prejudiced persons are inclined to identify those who preach tolerance as evil, and a correlation between the "yes" vote and the candidate vote would be evident.

"the wording of a question . . ."

The essence of the alternative theory as to why four and one-half million citizens voted "yes" on 14 is that the wording of a question can be used to influence the answer. For example, the same individual might give different responses if asked these questions: "Do you believe Negroes should be allowed to purchase and own any property they can afford?" and—"Would you like a Negro family to move next door to you?"

The first question is theoretical, a statement of general principle. The second is more personal, designed to elicit any prejudice the respondent may hold.

The question posed by Proposition 14 was even more insidious. While apparently a statement of general principle, it had strong personal implications. The idea that someone could dictate to whom Californians could sell or rent property had not been presented until Proposition 14 came along. Few complaints had been made under the Rumford Act (which Proposition 14 erased), and relatively few citizens were aware of its existence.

The California Real Estate Association and others who advocated Proposition 14 argued simply that the act should be repealed, not because it guaranteed minority rights—but because it allegedly denied certain property "rights." Not one word concerning race problems appeared in "Yes on 14" billboards, brochures, newspaper ads, radio spots and TV spots. Pro-14 literature hammered away at FEPC bureaucracy, "the government octopus forcing its way into the personal affairs

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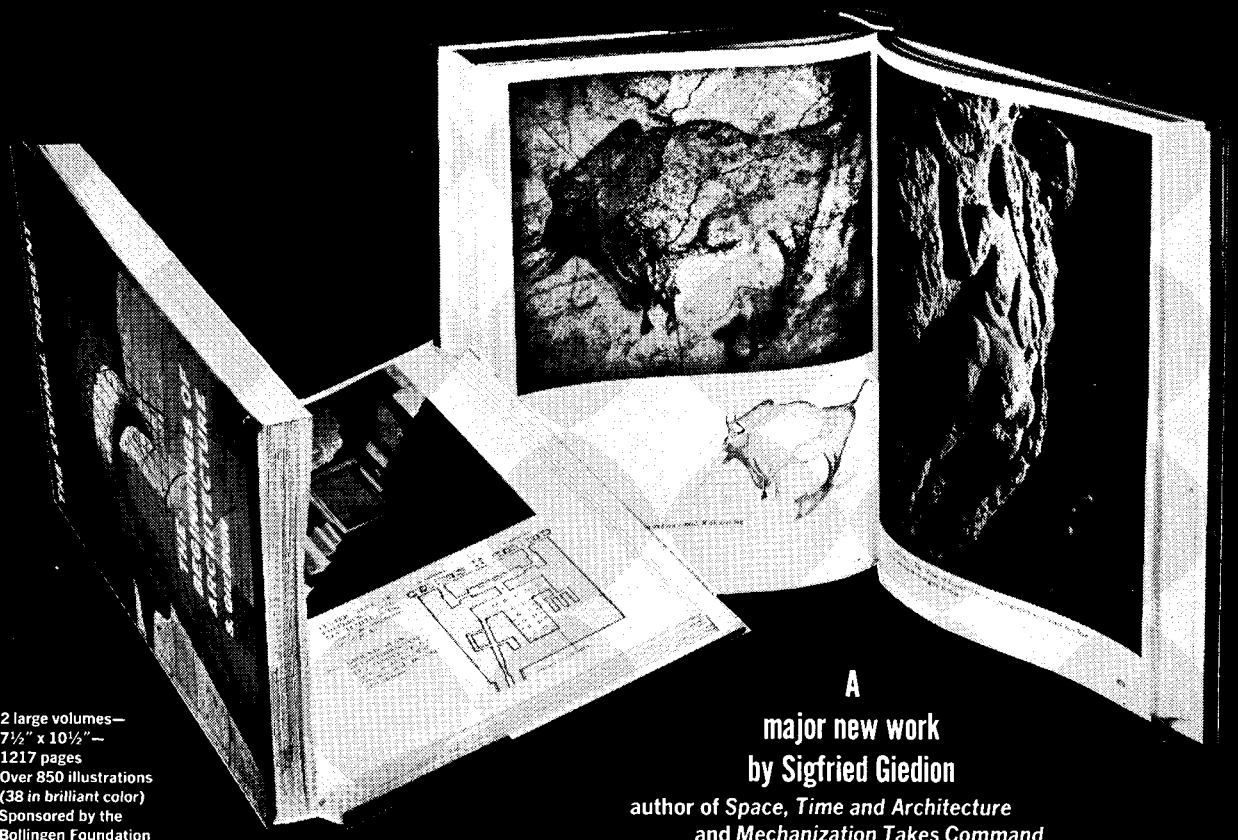

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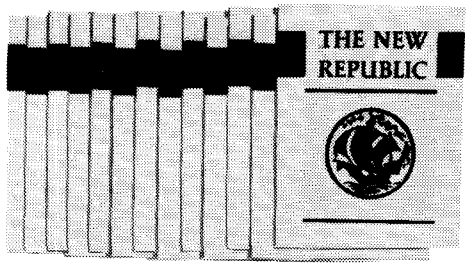

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of home owners." The proponents called the Rumford Act "forced housing," and made the label stick.

"A private, word of mouth campaign . . ."

At the same time, a private, word-of-mouth campaign was conducted by "Yes on 14" sympathizers. The most effective argument used was the decline in property values that supposedly occurs when Negroes move in. The "No on 14" people clearly showed that this was nonsense.

But, the charge is easy to grasp, the reply hard to explain. The same senses that show that the world is flat are hard to convince that panic selling is subjective, not objective, that ghettos are created for, not by, their occupants.

To fight against Proposition 14 no single argument or theme was powerful enough to carry the campaign, so all were used—moral, legal, economic and political. Unfortunately, they failed to develop the visceral appeal of the "forced housing" and "protect property rights" slogans.

"No on 14" supporters counted heavily on endorsements to pull them through. They were backed by churches and religious leaders; most of the political leaders, including a respectable showing of Republicans; a solid sampling of business and professional leaders, including the Conference of Delegates of the State Bar; and most of the newspapers. The attitudes of community leaders failed to influence the electorate.

The campaign against Proposition 14 was conducted by one of the broadest coalitions ever developed, yet it is clear that it never had a chance to win. The fight was conducted on the enemy's ground. The wording of the amendment focused talk on the rights of the seller, not on the rights of the buyer. Always on the defensive, the anti-14 fighters were forced to counter simple, vicious charges with complex, scholarly defenses. They had to meet a personalized appeal with moral abstractions.

"the fight as conducted n the enemy's ground . . ."

We cannot conclude that two-thirds of California citizens are bigots merely because they responded affirmatively to arguments of this kind. We believe they will prove they are not, if they are called upon to face the real issue: the right of any citizen to live wherever he can afford to live. This, the moral issue, was sidestepped in Proposition 14.

I hope the California Legislature gives the people the chance to make a clear choice on this question. A constitutional amendment could be passed by the current session, one that will have the effect of erasing Proposition 14 by avoiding semantic traps, and allow the people to see the issue in the proper light.

For instance, a line could be inserted after Article 1, Section 1, of the State Constitution so that the section reads: "All men are by nature free and independent, and have certain inalienable rights, among which are those of enjoying and defending life and liberty, acquiring, possessing and protecting property; and pursuing and obtaining safety and happiness. **It is the obligation of the government to secure these rights and they shall not be denied or abridged on the basis of color, race, religion, ancestry or national origin."**

It is the effect of Proposition 14 to prohibit government action on some aspects of real property transactions. It would be the effect of the new amendment to direct government to protect the rights of buyers, thus restoring the right of the Legislature to act in the field of housing discrimination.

The courts may declare Proposition 14 unconstitutional, in which case a skittish Legislature would have little volition to act. Even so, a new amendment must be passed.

The Legislature should act. It is right morally, legally and from the standpoint of enlightened self-interest.

LETTERS:

Tom Dooley, Catholics and Vietnam

Sirs:

Robert Scheer is entitled to his opinion on Vietnam and on the relative dangers of Communism, but he is infected with that same virus which weakens most of your staffers and contributors. He lacks balance, judgment and maturity. It is easy to whack away at one side of an issue, particularly if the approach is sensationally "courageous," possessing all the daring of a little boy writing obscenities in an abandoned outhouse. This type of irresponsible journalism doesn't make me—as a liberal—feel too secure. It only increases the conservative ammunition and their determination to do battle against us.

Tom Dooley is no saint. I spent some little time with him and found him arrogant, egotistical and Messianic. He travelled on a single jungle path and was intolerant of those who would not share it with him . . . or even of those who did. Nonetheless, I reflect that it was fortunate that he turned his phychosis to

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some useful purpose embodying sacrifice, compassion and dedication. He might have resorted to shooting people from fifth story windows. Or he might have rested safely and comfortably behind his typewriter, twisting truth to fit editorial format. Dooley's "world," as you put it, may be a trifle unreal and obnoxious, but I'll take a dozen of those planets for every errant, uncommitted, destructive meteor like Scheer . . .

Major Vic Turner
Papillion, Nebraska

Sirs:

I have just read the January Ramparts, my first taste of your magazine. Its quality is high and maintained throughout when dealing with politics, world affairs, music and art. Special congratulations to you for publishing Robert Scheer's article on Tom Dooley, Catholics and Vietnam. It took courage to write and courage to print. If you keep this up, you will be the answer to the many prayers of Americans who yearn for truth and justice.

Hillel Liebert
New York City

Sirs:

Robert Scheer's article on Viet Nam was a good, one-sided history. Ho Chi Minh rode on top of a nationalist movement which a majority of the Vietnamese people supported because they hated the French, he said. He neglected to say the Communists systematically killed all other major nationalist leaders and subverted their movements once they enrolled in the united front. They are doing the same thing within the Liberation Front in South Viet Nam today. . . .

"Tom Dooley did not hang his head"

Tom Dooley need not hang his head. He saw the plight of the Vietnamese and Laotians he met, he called it as he saw it, and he helped thousands of people who otherwise would have been torn to bits—physically and mentally—by the Communists. The fact the Catholics of Bui Chu and Phat Diem provinces and others lived near the sea, and were close to Hai Phong and French protection, had as much to do with their exodus as their religious convictions. No doubt many people from the T'ai highlands and the river valleys farther north would have fled if the Communists had not blocked communications, the roads and rivers.

On the immediate practical side, by our presence in Viet Nam we are helping build a shelter. You shingle a roof to keep a house dry when the eventual rain comes. Not only South Viet Nam but Burma, Laos, Cambodia, Thailand and Malaysia have active Communist minorities intimidating their people and trying to bring their governments down. If we pull out of that area, they are certain to fall because Big Brother Communist China will supply the needed muscle for Communist takeovers. Eventually they would storm our house here.

We are right to assist these people in overpowering their intended murderers. We are right to try to instill a love of liberty and teach the dignity of men who rule themselves through representative government. For these reasons, for Americans, for all men, we are fighting for the dignity of men.

Gary Owens
Saratoga, California

Sirs:

I have been most concerned about Vietnam and the American involvement in that country, but have had great difficulty in getting at the truth of the situation.

". . . bizarre and immoral involvements . . ."

Ramparts has had the courage to go against State Department policy (and for that matter the reports of most other American publications) and has printed some of the truth, and some of the bizzarre and immoral involvements of various individuals and institutions in South Vietnam (particularly Cardinal Spellman and the Catholic Relief Agency). I hope to see more of Robert Scheer's articles on another American disaster concerning popular revolution. My respects to Ramparts.

Anne Butterfield Weills
Sacramento, California.

Sirs:

I object strongly to Mr. Scheer's use of the late Dr. Tom Dooley as a catalyst for his article, for the faults of Tom Dooley in his writing were approximately the same as Mr. Scheer's.

Tom reached for the sometimes sensationalistic—just as Mr. Scheer does in using a Dooley head for his story to gain readership. Dooley may have propagated some isolated circumstances or events with such fervor that he made them seem the commonplace rather than the rare occurrence. And Tom was naive about many aspects of the situation.

When Tom wrote "Deliver Us From Evil" he had not the advantage of ten year's retrospection, as has Mr. Scheer. Tom also had difficulty standing back from the situation and viewing the overall effect since he was there on the scene, which I presume Mr. Scheer was not.

It is almost ironic to picture Tom Dooley as a vassal of the Church in his work in Viet-Nam, for there have been

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few prominent Catholics who have tried harder to be unbiased in approach to religious problems — down to insuring that his medical teams were not predominantly Catholic. His disclaimers even upset many churchmen.

But Mr. Scheer's 'story' was about Diem and the need to drag Dooley into the story is questionable. Diem was in authority when Tom came. Tom was an officer of the U.S. Navy under orders to work with the local government. He, of course, did not need to write as he did, and if this is his crime then he is guilty. Perhaps at the age of 25 he was too well reared to question what he thought was duly constituted authority. In his dying days, when I was with Tom in Saigon, he felt Diem was something less than the great leader of mankind some purported him to be. But he was a leader who had been elected by the people even if not by our standards. He was the closest thing to someone who could command respect and who was trying more than others to accomplish one thing — keep the communists out.

I would presume Mr. Scheer's 'final solution' would be withdrawal from South Viet-Nam. Withdrawal would mean communization as well as bringing jeopardy to the pro-Western nations nearby—and thus the ultimate, complete pro-Easternization of all Southeast Asia. The peasants couldn't care less, for they have neither the will nor the mental equipment to understand the differences between communism and democracy.

It seems Mr. Scheer is endeavoring to be an honest student of Southeast Asia. I hope he intends to rely more heavily on facts in his forthcoming book. It's funny—the less great you are, the easier it is to condemn the great and the dead.

Robert T. Copenhaver
Omaha, Nebraska

The author responds

Sirs:

Are there still people around who believe with Mr. Copenhaver that the "peasants" . . . "have neither the will nor the mental equipment." It sounds like a line from a Chekov play.

My story was about Dooley. It attempted to bridge the gap between what Americans have been told about Vietnam and the nasty reality that breaks through to us in the occasional reports of anti-Catholic riots, Buddhist monks burning themselves or whole villages going off to join the Viet Cong. Now unfortunately Dooley did do much of that telling—and what he told us has proven to be arrant nonsense. I merely made the corrections.

There is no reason to "presume" that my final solution is U.S. withdrawal—the article preposes this quite explicitly. I based my view on the supposition that peasants who have been bombed steadily for four years do care about their political future. After 20 years of propaganda war they are probably the most highly political peasants the world has ever known and I think it's about time that they had their way.

Nor am I impressed with the argument that if Vietnam falls, all of South East Asia will go under. We have been playing with the politics of Vietnam for 10 years now and it hasn't prevented Cambodia, Burma and Indonesia from moving closer to the Communists.

Anyway, I doubt that the free world will tumble if we permit free elections in Vietnam. They've been occurring in Mr. Copenhaver's Nebraska for some time now and without any apparent disasters.

Robert Scheer
Saigon, South Vietnam

fan and non-fan mail

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Sirs:

I have been a Catholic all my life and have never read anything so shocking and nauseating before as Ramparts. What rock did you crawl from under? How can you ever feel clean again?

If you are intellectuals, I am a Grand Opera singer, and I can't sing a note.

Mrs. Emory J. Durand
Minneapolis, Minnesota

Sirs:

Jerome D. Frank's "The Psychology of Non-Violence" should become "must" reading in all institutions of learning throughout the land. This is indeed one of your best.

H. Kruse
San Francisco

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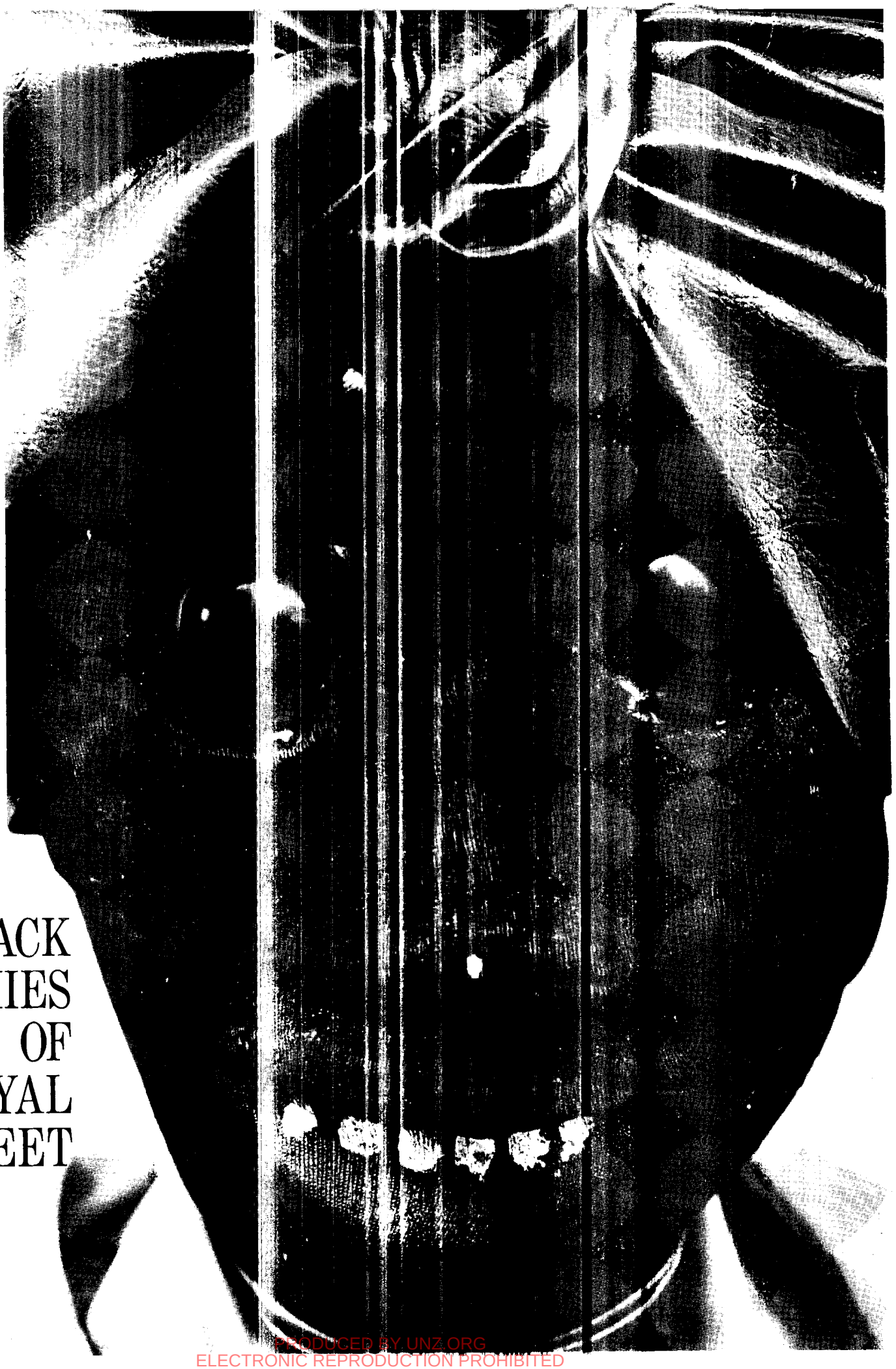

BLACK [AMMIES OF ROYAL STREET

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Obscene effigies of black mammies stand at the doorways of shops along Royal Street in the Vieux Carré of New Orleans. They signify that pralines, traditional Creole confection of brown sugar and pecans, are on sale within. Tourists find the mammies cute and point their cameras. A new New Orleans is coming, but the mammies stay, the hateful stereotype intact. A Negro cook on her way to work averts her head. A black workman toting a load on his head passes with eyes on the ground. Ironically, the police would pick up any Negro with no business to be on Royal Street. But the old black mammies belong, just like members of the family.

JOHN BEECHER

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photographs by MICHAEL ALEXANDER

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ARTHUR I. WASKOW

THE 'MINORITY MANDATE'

The right wing claims its own "mandate" from the 26 million Americans who voted for Senator Goldwater. A noted political analyst says they are wrong — but they must not be ignored.

TWO MANDATES were handed down in the 1964 election — one by 61% of the American voters; the other by 39% of the voters. The first seems obvious, even overwhelming; but an understanding of the second may be even more crucial in moulding a decent future for American society.

The first mandate was voiced by the 61% of our people who voted for President Johnson, and the sizeable majority who voted to keep a large number of liberal Democrats in the Senate and send a large number to the House of Representatives. The claim is made that this was a mandate from the people who were *for* things, for the twentieth century. But that 61% of the country encompassed so many different versions and dreams of the twentieth century that it is easier to say what they were against than what they were for. There are few common hues among voters whose political spectrum ranges from Henry Ford's modern corporatist vision and North Carolina's business-managed token desegregation to the gray flannel welfareism of Joseph Tydings in Maryland, and still further, to the black-and-white-together Populism of the Mississippi Freedom Democrats and the desperate demand for an entire reshaping of the city that wells up out of Harlem; from the quasi-rational bookkeeping with H-bombs by Robert McNamara's computers to the vigorous demands for world-wide disarmament on the banners of the National Committee for a SANE Nuclear Policy, and still further to the Gandhian pacifism of Bayard Rustin.

The mandate was *against* turning control of nuclear weapons over to generals in the field; it was against increasing the military budget and re-igniting the arms race; it was against using H-bombs in Viet Nam; it was against letting Mississippi and Alabama put the Negroes back "in their place"; it was against filling our streets with policemen who could arrest on suspicion and convict with the third degree; it was against selling TVA; it was against making Social Security voluntary. In short, it was against abolishing the world — literally, with H-bombs — and against abolishing the United States government — figuratively, with Congressional legislation. But it certainly was no single mandate for what the world or the United States government should look like. It was not even a clear mandate for change. The mandate for change came from elsewhere.

The significance is not simply that the 39% of our people who voted for Senator Goldwater wanted drastic changes made — though they did. Much more important, the *fact* that 39% of our people voted for him

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and his program is a clear warning and a firm mandate that changes must be made – though not the kinds of changes the 39% wanted. For when almost two-fifths of the people say that they detest the society they are living in so deeply that they would rather dismantle its government, and take a chance on blowing up the world, than keep on living the way they have been – then something is wrong with that society.

If 39% of our people are howling protests or muttering in anger, they should be listened to. They are not entitled to be obeyed, nor to have their programs adopted. But we owe it to them and to ourselves to see if their protests and their anger could be eased or erased by taking steps, not to abolish the world, but to transform it; not to tear the government in Washington apart, but to reshape it. And it is in that sense that we should take our most important mandate from the election to be the mandate of the minority: to make the changes that are needed if American society is to become a decent place to live in, a decent enough place for the 39% to *want* to live in.

THE BASIC question is *why* they were willing to take a chance on dying rather than to keep on living in the America we have. The reason is that the American people now stand at the edge of a deep but narrow precipice. On the other side lies a society of economic abundance, in which "work" is no longer laborious and in which large numbers of people may hold new kinds of paid "jobs" that are now merely amateur avocations, such as those of "student," "politician," "grandmother," and "civil rights worker." It might be the kind of society in which everyone – not just professors – would be entitled to a paid sabbatical every seventh year; or in which we might even decide to give people a free income, the way we decided in 1862 to give people free land, just because they are people. This society also will be a society of world community at some level, a society in which we might have total disarmament with international inspection and enforcement as nations continue to pursue their own political and economic goals by all means other than war or the threat of war – or in which we might even have a full-scale world government. This society will be one of an increasing share in political decisions by every human being; a society in which the dispossessed of Mississippi – black and white – take a hand in deciding their own destiny; a society in which such new forms of political expression as the sit-in become as legitimate as free speech, and new forms of neighborhood government are invented, in which perhaps workers have a greater control of the organization in which they work (again like professors, who help decide the future of the university); in which even students may come to be accepted as a legitimate element in the real government of their schools.

Now those three major aspects of the new society across the precipice – the abundance that leads to leisure and to new kinds of work; the extension of political community to the whole world; and the deepening and broadening of a share in democracy for people who have up till now not had much chance to guide their own destinies – frighten some people. There are some who could not bear to live in a world where the Negroes won't stay in their place – which is down there – the Russians and Chinese won't stay in their place – which is far away over there – and the politically excluded and dispossessed won't stay in their place – which is somewhere around, but invisible. There are some people who could not bear to live in the new society; but it seems unlikely, if we look around, that there are so many of these people as to make up 39% of our country. They do make up the radical right, but that is much smaller than 39%. The real question is why the radical right gets enough support to put together 39% of the vote behind a candidate that shares much of its program.

(Some people argue that most of the 39% were only "ritual Republicans" not at all ready to support right-wing programs. But in Mississippi, a whole state full of "ritual Democrats" refused to vote for *their* party's candidate when they could not stomach his program. There is no reason to believe that Kansas Republicans are any more frivolous when they vote than are Mississippi Democrats; and so we would be wise to hold all of the 39% responsible for meaning what they voted. That leaves the question: why did 39% of the country support a right-wing program?)

The answer is that American society has been standing too long on the edge of the precipice, horrified by the depths and fearful of the jump to the new world. Some of our people have grown dizzy with fear and frustration. They might not mind jumping, but they do mind standing. Therein lies the danger, and the warning, of the second mandate. For what 39% have said is that they are sick unto death of standing still, they would rather hurtle into the depths than stand any longer at the edge. And that means we must gather our strength and energy, and leap the precipice into the new world. If we stand still any longer, the proportion who would rather fall than stand is likely to grow—the 39% of this year may be 45 or 50% by 1968.

Let us look beyond metaphor, to the concrete issues. We have been "standing still too long at the edge of the precipice" in the sense that from 1938, when Congress passed the Fair Labor Standards Act, to 1964, when it passed the Civil Rights Act, there was no major legislative step toward social reform. From 1940, when

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the River Rouge strike won unionization of the Ford auto plants, to 1963, when Birmingham signalled the national upheaval of the civil rights movement, there was no broad political action involving large numbers of Americans.

The world is changing swiftly now. If we wait too long to cope with emerging problems they might overwhelm us by the time we have decided to face them.

Let us look at the problems that so overwhelmed 39% of our people as to drive them into the arms of the right wing. They said there was too much violence in the streets. Indeed there is – but it must be cured at the roots, not smashed by police action. And curing at the roots means ending the joblessness that has now reached 15% among urban youth; it means ending the senselessness and absurdity of the city, ending the powerlessness of the slumdweller and his suburban cousin, who both feel "You can't fight City Hall." In short, ending the violence in the streets means both reconstructing the economy and reconstructing the cities – not just the buildings, but the urban social system.

At the Federal level, it means working out ways of encouraging the new jobs – the only jobs that can't be automated – the jobs that mean dealing with people and ideas, not goods and paper – the jobs of poetry and politics. How do we use the tax system – not, as we do now through depreciation allowances, to encourage the replacement of an "old" automated factory with a new, still more automated factory – but instead to encourage people to give small and middle-sized contributions to Congressional election campaigns, to CORE and SNCC, to SANE and to Young Americans for Freedom and to Parents and Taxpayers in New York? In short, we could encourage the new and vital forms of political action, of whatever program and bent, that are trying to energize the fearful, the frustrated, the angry, and the hopeless. For the new vocation of "political activator" is at least as important to the country as those of teacher, scientist, and social worker, for whose encouragement we set up rules for making contributions tax-deductible. How do we use the Federal public works program – that is, deliberate Federal deficits – to pay not only for billion-volt, billion-dollar nuclear accelerators but also for hundreds of live theaters where real people get paid well to be actors, for thousands of nursery centers where grandmothers whose grandchildren live a thousand miles away can play grandma to a dozen neighborhood children and get paid a decent salary for it, for the education of slum kids to fill our empty, impersonal hospitals with nurses and aides who care about the patients?

Thinking about the local level also is important, because that 39% also was right when it said too much authority over too many details was being taken by Washington. On the local level, ending violence in the streets means advancing local neighborhood action groups like The Woodlawn Organization in Chicago; it means turning New York City's paper schemes for neighborhood governments with "little city councils" and "little city halls" into reality; it means encouraging outfits like New York's Mobilization for Youth to join in rent strikes and sit-ins, instead of reprimanding them for doing so.

Or let us take another issue raised by the mandate of the 39%. They said we have a "no win" foreign policy. They were right – but their solution was wrong when they said we should spend even more on weaponry. We will continue to have a no-win foreign policy so long as military victories are the primary goal. Certainly we win no victories for liberty in Viet-Nam, when every "victory" is conditioned on burning another peasant village or administering the water torture to another peasant boy. We can win no victories for liberty when every act is inhibited by fear that ours and others' H-bombs will explode, so that we take few chances on behalf of liberty. Only in a world moving toward disarmament can we win real victories for liberty. Only in a world moving toward disarmament can we help topple the South African dictatorship with a democratic revolution before the Communists do it with a totalitarian revolution. Only in a world moving toward disarmament can we encourage dissent in Eastern Europe without risking world war. Only in a world moving toward disarmament could we use effectively what might be called the Unarmed Services of the United States – an Air Transport Force to assist underdeveloped nations without a rail or road network; a Disaster Corps like the old Seabees who could rebuild whole cities after earthquake or typhoon; a Conservation Corps for reforesting and irrigating the Sahara. These would be effective ways of winning victories for liberty – and they are the kinds of institutions we will need in the society that lies across the precipice.

But we must begin now. Another four years of stagnation, and we may well be too paralyzed with fear and frustration to move.

What did the mandate of 1964 mean in terms of immediate action? First, the American party system is undergoing a shakeup of the kind it has suffered only three times before – when the Federalist Party disappeared, when the Whigs transmuted themselves into

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Republicans, and when both Democrats and Republicans were thrown into disarray by the emergence of the Populist Party. The real question is, which of those three patterns will be the one that emerges? Will the Republican Party become so out of touch with the nation's needs that it dwindles away and lets all our important political debates take place within the Democratic Party, until the Democrats split over some future issues as John Quincy Adams and Andrew Jackson split the party? Or will the Republicans submerge as the Whigs did, build some new alliances, and emerge in some new guise, with a partially new program and approach? Or will the eruption of frustration and hostility that captured the Republican Party in 1964 subside as did the Populists, leaving both parties to reappear in their old form, with merely a more modern look?

No prediction can be certain of fulfillment, but there are reasons to believe that the Republican Party has gone too far and lost too much ever to become again the kind of party it was in the '40s and '50s. For decades the party could be described as a continuously renewed deal between little business and Eastern Established big business. The Establishment sold an anti-government ideology to the little businessman, in the hope that the little businessman would then keep the public government in Washington under control. That would leave the Establishment free to run its own private government without interference from Washington. The little businessmen bought the anti-government ideology in order to make sense, instead of despair, out of their own helplessness in the complexity of mid-century metropolitan society. Then, after adding moral fervor and indignation to the anti-government ideology, they sold it back to the Establishment for use as a rationalization and justification of the Establishment's insistence on private instead of public government. But now both sides are moving in their own separate directions: the Establishment is more and more closely tied to the government in Washington, while the little businessmen are taking the anti-government ideology so seriously that most of the Establishment is frightened and wants to switch over to the Democrats, in order to manage Washington in another fashion.

Many important Eastern Republicans "switched over" in action, if not in rhetoric, when they joined the Kennedy "coalition government." Douglas Dillon, McGeorge Bundy, Robert McNamara, John McCone, and dozens of lesser men actually moved into a Democratic administration. Now, at the grass roots, many Republicans who agree with these men have voted Democratic. The men in between – the party organizers, the small office holders – will tell the tale. It may well be that one reason these men were so paralyzed that they could not defend the party against the right-wing takeover was that, mentally, they had already more than half migrated to the Democrats. If they cannot muster the energy and commitment to take back the party now, it will become wholly a vehicle for the frustrated and fearful Americans.

If the Republicans do become a right-wing party, we will go through a peculiar period in which effective American politics takes place only within the Democratic Party. It should be noted that insurgent groups – the Negroes, the peace movement, possibly the unemployed – may well be uncomfortable with a "bipartisanized" Democratic Party. They may try to break out of it, but will be fearful of doing so, as long as one-third of the country remains organized behind right-wingers in the revamped Republican Party.

In such a situation, almost everything might depend on the President. He has a large majority in the Congress – a majority large enough to expel some of the furthest right-wing Southern "Democrats" from the party caucus, and to pass a great deal of legislation that looks to the society on the other side of the precipice: full employment in new kinds of jobs, racial equality, major arms reductions and important steps toward a detente with both Russia and China. He could lead this majority *if he wants to*. Or, he could revert to the politics he played as Majority Leader of the Senate: always delaying before acting, and shifting position according to the immediate pressures but never more than necessary. In short, the politics of "Wait."

If the President moved forward quickly, he would probably end the frustration that produces such widespread support for right-wing ideology. If jobs were provided, street violence in the cities would drop, fears of Negro competition for scarce jobs would diminish; if integration moved ahead quickly, suburbanites would soon learn that property values do not drop; if sizable disarmament took place, the country would discover we were far less likely to suffer attack; if an active program of winning unarmed victories for liberty began, we would learn that we need not suffer the guilt and frustrations of trying to win liberty through torture, as in Viet Nam. Thus the newly right-wing Republican Party would evaporate, and the Democratic Party would probably soon split up as the Jeffersonians did when new issues emerged.

On the other hand, a passive policy of no forward movement, no action to anger the Establishment or anyone else, would leave American society standing still, with at least a third of our people frustrated and terrified. In that case, one can imagine widespread on-the-streets harassment of liberals (as in California, with night telephone calls and bomb threats, or in Mississippi, with night-riders). The result probably would be a major increase in right-wing strength by 1968.

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But must we leave this decision to the President? Must we depend wholly on him? There is every reason not to depend on him if we can avoid it. He may make the wrong decision; even if he wants to make the right one, he will probably need help from active and organized people who are running interference for him. Democracies do not survive as democracies by "trusting" Presidents to do their job for them. If we believe it necessary to move forward, we must use what means are available to us.

Vigorous concerted action must be taken in the Democratic primaries of 1966 and 1968 to defeat "moderate," conservative, or machine Democrats; to nominate principled and able liberals, militant Negroes, peace candidates who can pull part of the old Republican vote for the House and Senate. This requires local coalitions between people who care about poverty and unemployment, people who care about racial justice, people who care about improving the quality of our schools and cities, and people who care about moving toward world peace and disarmament. Such local coalitions would not be easy to put together and keep together. They would have to include labor unionists, senior citizens, former peace Republicans, groups of the unemployed, mothers on welfare, militant Negro rent strikers and school boycotters, activist college students, professors and lawyers in reform politics, suburban housewives who care about peace and good schools – a mixed bag of different kinds of people. But such local coalitions would be necessary if the best of the new Democrats that have just appeared in the House of Representatives are to be kept there, and if hacks among the Senators and Congressmen are to be replaced. Such local coalitions would need help – ideas, money, prestige – from a similar national coalition; and they would need a program built around the large-scale reconversion of military effort into ending poverty in America and improving the quality of American life among the affluent.

(One other lever is available to at least some of the insurgents. That is an expansion and deepening of the politics of "creative disorder" – the politics of sit-ins, freedom votes, and rent strikes. Here there are two crucial questions: Can the Negroes, who began the recent wave of creative disorder, carry it into the Northern ghettoes in some form that will excite and involve Negro youth and that would also be seen by most Northern whites as reasonably legitimate, even if militant? [Only if such new forms of creative disorder can be invented and accepted is there likely to be an avoidance of more riots that would tend to energize right-wing opposition.] Can poor and unemployed whites organize non-violent street action similar to that of the Negroes? Since the labor unions are the only "middle-class poor" analogous to the middle-class Negroes who got the sit-ins started, such a movement of the unemployed would need vigorous support from organized labor. So far the unions have not put forth the necessary effort.)

The program and the political procedures that have been outlined here would carry out both the majority and minority mandates that were handed down by our electorate in 1964. The program looks toward the same use of our abundance to build a society of high quality and to wipe out poverty (and thus to end the violence that grows from poverty and alienation). It is a program for ending war and advancing liberty in the world (and thus for moving forward out of the "no win" foreign policy). It is a program for sharing real political power with all those who are presently excluded from it. As for the political procedure, it is built chiefly on a coalition between the different groups that want to move forward each in its own way – a coalition built on the belief that none of them can move forward unless the others do, too. It also involves the acceptance of the new kinds of politics, the techniques of creative disorder, that are being invented by the groups that demand a new voice in deciding their own futures. Together, these new styles for, and new contents of, American politics would make it possible for us to leap the precipice and enter the new society. There is only one thing to add. We have been talking about a presidential election, and presidential politics. That is an index to the historic fascination of Americans with the Presidency and its power, especially its power for bringing about progress. But good presidential politics is not simply whatever happens to come from "great" Presidents. It is democratic politics that makes men who may or may not be great into great Presidents. It is up to us.

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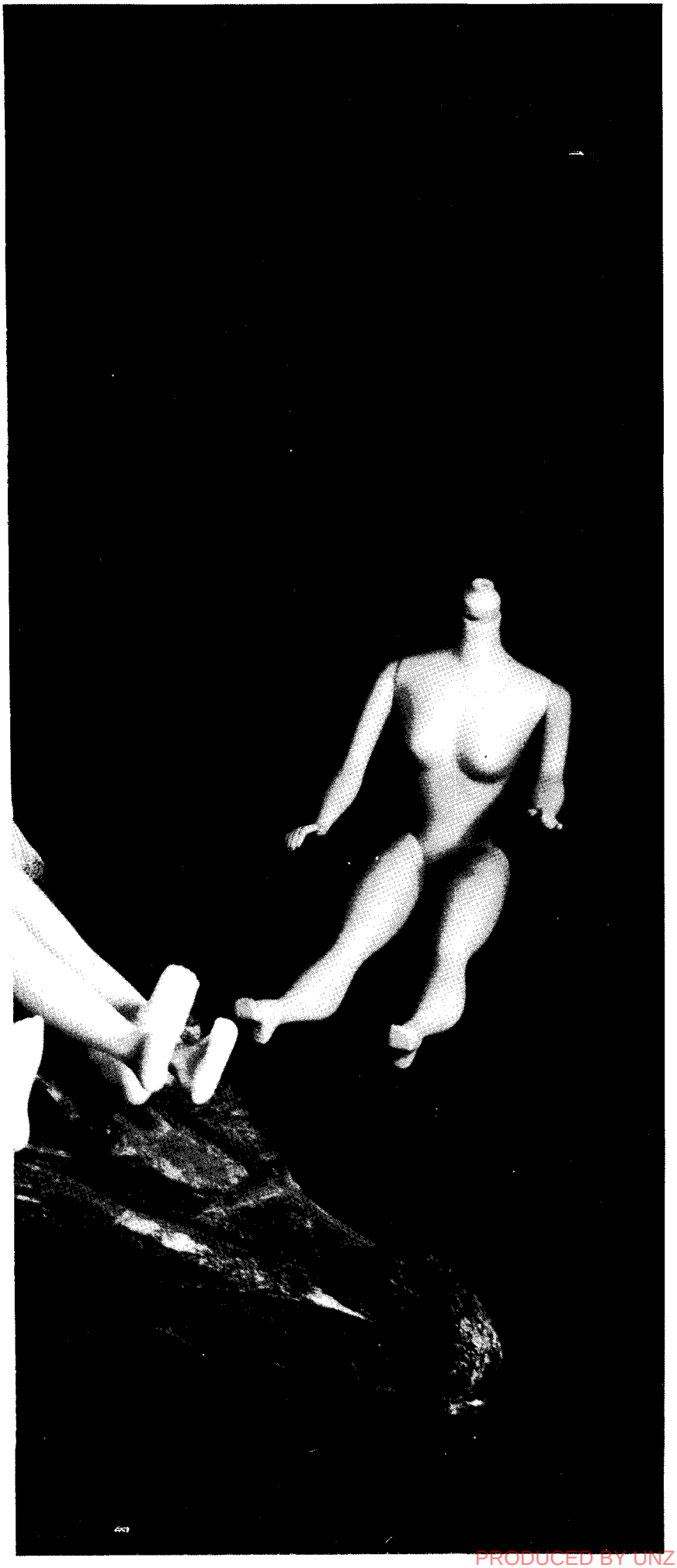

Barbie
and her friends

DONOVAN BESS

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Barbie and her friends

BARBIE, "the high-fashion doll," is changing our way of life by re-conditioning girls between the ages of five and fourteen. Barbie, Ken and three doll associates have been designed for little girls who hate to be little. Ever since the decline of "Little Women" as a moral force, little girlhood has gotten more and more awful, altogether too much like the lives of the girls in Ronald Searle's cartoons.

If America's little girls had access to narcotics, they would, no doubt, give one another injections to escape from the horror of their daily lives. They have to make-do with what is at hand – and the Barbie doll group seems to give them some relief. Their fantasies, as they play, are directed by a corporation located at Hawthorne, in Southern California. The fantasies remove the children from little girlhood and transport them into what they regard as a teen-age Utopia.

All little girls used to play Mamma, using lovable child-dolls. This year, about six million of them are playing Barbie, who isn't the kind of young woman you would want to hug (unless you are a GI just coming back from a year in the Aleutians). Barbie is a frigid-looking teen-ager who somehow, through the magic eyes of childhood, is able to be simultaneously a sorority girl, a bride, a career girl, a debutante and a general, all-around Superwoman.

By earnest playing with Barbie and her associates, America's little girls learn how to live in the future. If they really concentrate, they can avoid that whole difficult period of early childhood which begins at age six.

In the process of playing, the little girls are educated by the promotion department of the Mattel Corporation, the parent Barbie company. The children adopt a value system rather different from that shaped by the McGuffey Reader: they grow up with Mattel-made expectations. It is important, therefore, to study the educational philosophy of this corporation. Much light comes from an analysis of the costumes manufactured for Barbie and her vinyl-plastic companions, and from studying the articles and short stories in the Mattel Barbie Magazine – which the company distributes to the 600,000 members of the Official National Barbie Fan Club. (The magazine costs the fathers of the nation 25 cents a copy. The club secretary receives more than 15,000 Barbie fan letters a week.)

The Mattel Corporation first hit the big toy-time with guns. In 1959, Ruth Handler, wife of the firm's president, conceived the idea of Barbie. She felt that her small daughter needed something more mature to play with. Her husband, Elliot, was very pleased with this thought, and within months Mattel had shipped out more than 500,000 Barbies manufactured under contract by a Tokyo company. Mattel licensed other firms to make accessories, such as Barbie cosmetics gear. In 1961, Mattel gave Barbie a boy friend, Ken; and the nation, smelling sex in the wind, launched itself on the biggest doll-buying spree in history. Before long, Mattel gave the world Midge, the girl-next-door. She is a rather insecure creature blighted with freckles; her function is to provide the shabby obbligato to the Great Barbie Theme.

THE SUCCESS of this threesome is reflected in Mattel's 1962-63 gross-sales volume: $78,030,661, an increase of 58% over the previous year. The corporation spent more than $9,000,000 last year on advertising and promotion. It sponsors 12 coast-to-coast television programs six days a week. The Barbie by-products are legion: you can get such items as a Barbie Ge-Tar, a 32-pound Little Theater, and a Queen-of-the-Prom game. Five-and-dime stores carry Barbie primers that orientate tiny girls. McCall's magazine holds the rights on the Barbie fashion patterns.

Barbie now has a little sister, Skipper, and Ken has a buddy, Allan. There are Barbie Block Clubs in every family quarter of our cities. Many little-girl birthday parties are calibrated to the Movement: the mothers conspire to see that everybody brings a new costume or accessory for one of the dolls.

Barbie is 11½ inches tall and has the long, unnatural legs of a Soviet female Olympic 800-meter runner. Her breast development, of course, is that of a healthy, American woman of twenty. She can wear wigs in blonde, ash-blonde, platinum, brunette and titian. Her eyelids, to borrow Walter Pater's phrase about the Mona Lisa, are "a trifle weary." Last year she appeared in stores looking like a co-ed in a red-jersey swimsuit. But in the 1965 deluxe model, she has been promoted; she looks very much like a bored but well-subsidized suburban matron: she sits in a stylish garden swing, beside a planter, wearing a pink swimsuit with a matching, fluffy bathing hat, matching earrings, and matching high-heeled pumps. She looks as though she were waiting for a lover (the kind who would bring her a dozen American Beauty roses, sit at her feet all evening long and never go near the bedroom).

Mattel's assumption seems to be that Barbie is ready now to settle down in the grand manner and that, during the year, millions of fathers will rally to buy her the Mattel trousseau. It retails at about $20. It's very nice. Barbie is even provided with a plastic bouquet; Ken's tuxedo comes with a cummerbund; Midge

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Barbie and her friends

and Skipper have matching bridesmaid dresses.

However, don't let your tot marry them. Ken simply isn't ready to be taken to the altar. Let him have a couple of years in the Army (Mattel has a soldier outfit). He is an inch taller than Barbie, but it takes more than that to make a man. True, Mattel has given him a college letter sweater and made him both a "ski champion" and a racing ice skater. But whenever he goes skating, he has to wear film-colony goggles affected by actors of uncertain sexual polarity. And when he goes to Sun Valley for the season, he is going to draw some rather dry comments on his scarlet, quilted ski jacket, very-tight, black ski pants and *matching* cap and mittens. And on the honeymoon at Waikiki, he'll be wearing *gold* Bermuda shorts and green knee socks; it would be odd if this outfit failed to win him some homosexual propositions. It is even harder to imagine his fate if he should decide to wear his "Ken-in-Hawaii" costume, which presents him in a blue-and-white malu, sandals, ukulele and a straw hat decked with *flowers*. (Do you want your little girl to keep dressing him this way? She might think this is what society expects of the man of her dreams. Maybe some day she will want to dress her husband that way.)

The costumes for Barbie range from a cap and gown, for her graduation, to prurient underclothes. Item No. 921 in the catalogue for retailers is a nylon petticoat with a mirror, comb, brush set, bra and panties, all for $1.25. Item No. 973 is a nightdress no Hollywood producer would dare to use. This diaphanous, yellow thing hangs down to just past the navel, so that when your tot walks her dolly to bed, all the more obvious erogenous zones waggle in living color.

However, Mattel prefers to think of Barbie as a young woman who is mad about dressing. She is always going out, or coming in to change and go out again. When she works, she sometimes is a nurse, sometimes a tweedy executive, sometimes a ballerina, sometimes a chanteuse. She likes tennis, and any other upper-class sport that demands expensive clothes (the ski-queen outfit costs $3.25). But dressing is her favorite sport. If she lives up to her wardrobe, she will spend 18 hours a day in changing. No wonder she's so thin – no time to eat.

THIRTY-EIGHT of her outfits are for use on social occasions. There's a special "busy morning" outfit, a theater-date combination, an after-5 get-up, a special outfit for the sorority meeting, a special job for the Friday-night date, another for the movie date, and a really dreamy, satin formal with long gloves and a fur stole (costing $4). The company estimates that if your child buys all the available costumes for Barbie, Ken and Skipper, it would cost her about $225.

Considering how much time Barbie must give to changing clothes, it is clear that if she should decide to try Ken in bed she would be too worn out to make love. She is not likely to make such a decision: for her, Ken is just another accessory. If you go to a party, you need a masculine touch. That is about all that Ken provides.

This raises a serious question about Mattel's *Weltansicht*. Could this kind of conditioning of America's girls cause some unworkable marriages? Is it desirable that your little girl, playing with Ken, be reared to believe that college boys are sexless? When she grows up and gets married, would she get an awful shock on the wedding night?

The Mattel Corporation's promotion staff should rethink this whole concept. They might build a man-about-town doll. They could call it Errol and design it as a man. Mattel need not be reminded that if Barbie works up a bit of passion, she would have to lay in a big store of silk lingerie, huge pillows, stylish fireplaces, bear rugs, ceiling mirrors, pessaries, bidets and dozens of expensive after-dark items such as a "Motel Breakfast Smock" or "Ski Cabin Hostess Gown." Some narrow-minded fathers would write indignant letters to the company. But this, in itself, would present a new opportunity to Mattel – which graciously would let Errol become a rabbi. Barbie will become a nun and Ken will become an Episcopalian priest. Mattel then can offer the nation's little girls three munificent lines of religious habits, plus singing-nun dolls, archbishop dolls and Salvation Army dolls of all ranks. The cost to the nation's fathers would be enormous, but Mattel can assume they will be so grateful they will not complain.

Possibly Mattel is too *square* to create either the Errol doll or the religious dolls, profitable as they might be. The Mattel creative staff is devoted to the kind of ideals that have made The Reader's Digest what it is today. Mattel is less interested in making money than in shaping the coming generation. The company wants little girls to realize the American feminine ideal (growing up to be a big-spending, busy, powerful, frigid woman). Without the Barbie training, many girls would be influenced by passive European notions about femininity.

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Barbie and her friends

THE FICTION and feature articles in the fan magazines depict these dolls as having upper-upper-class incomes and lower-middle-class tastes. Barbie is 100% Caucasian, and she never associates with a racially-impure person. She and her friends live in white houses with blue shutters (symbolizing the white, blue-eyed Anglo-Saxon ideal?), whenever possible, and they strive to have big gardens filled with costly gracious-living gear. There is little or no evidence that they ever read books or listen to music. Clothes and money seem to dominate their conversations and strategies.

In Volume IV, Number 1 of the Mattel Barbie Magazine, Barbie says: "Midge! I've got a great idea! Remember the blue dress you wore New Year's Eve?" Midge replies, "Yes, but *he's seen that already*." (Italics mine.) In Volume III, Number 6, Barbie tells Midge: "I just treated myself to a marvelous dress for the Society Debs Ball. I hope Ken likes it. He's spending so much money on the tickets." The assumption here seems to be that, while making money is the *summum bonum*, spending it is even more *summum* – especially if you spend it on clothes. The Mattel intelligentsia apparently believes that America's teen-age boys are wild about girls' dresses. This thesis is further developed in Volume IV, Number 5 (last September-October):

"Barbie: Do you like this new dress that I bought today? Do you like my hair fixed up this way?

"Ken: Uh . . . why yes, of course! I always like the way you look. You're as pretty as any girl inside a fashion book."

The ideal American boy apparently thinks clothes make the woman. If Ken found himself in a nudist camp, would he mentally dress each woman he encountered?

The Mattel people never have pretended that the value of Barbie and Ken is as great as the value of what they wear. Just after Christmas, economy-model Barbies were on sale in department stores for only $1.88 apiece, Kens at $1.99. Compare these prices with the $3 you have to pay for a Barbie nurse's outfit. Even the ballet clothes for Skipper cost $2.50 – 51 cents more than a whole Ken on sale. The trousseau for Barbie and Ken was on sale for $17.88 in some stores this January. You can get nine on-sale Barbies for that. This situation recently caused a Macy's salesgirl to ask: "Why do they sell the dolls cheap but not put the clothes on sale? Think it over."

It *is* worth thinking over. But the salesgirl is missing the broader picture. What she does not know is that Mattel's research and design group, according to the report to the stockholders, includes graphic artists, sculptors, writers and fashion designers. These are people with a lust to influence the young. A good example of their sort of earnestness lies in the slogan coupled with a four-poster Barbie bed manufactured for Mattel: "Toys That Mold Character."

What kind of character is it that the Mattel creative folk are molding? Let us look at the Barbie magazine fiction.

In a short story published last March, Midge is in love with Allan (the redheaded doll put on the market last year). It seems that Midge acts too naturally to get her man. She gets all flustered in the old-fashioned way that girls used to, in novels like *The Human Comedy* and in plays like *Ah, Wilderness!* and *Romeo and Juliet*. In this story, Barbie is depicted as having a "forced brightness," and she musters it to carry out her assignment – to beef up Midge's personality. Barbie is so surgical in her efficiency that, at one point, Midge "stared at the ceiling to get away from Barbie's hard glance."

"BARBIE UNDERSTOOD her friend," the Mattel literary team says. "And felt sorry for her. Midge was not a silly girl. It was just that she plunged into every situation with all her heart. . . . Poor Midge. She felt everything keenly." The point here seems to be that Midge is hopelessly childish, and that sincerity will get a boy-hunter nowhere.

Fortunately Midge is exactly Barbie's height, and she has the same busty shape (5¼ – 3 – 4¾). Your little daughter need spend only $20 or so to rehabilitate Midge by buying her the Barbie garments needed to fascinate Allan. Once this affair gets off the ground, Allan's sartorial passion will be aroused and he will try to keep up. Fortunately, he is exactly Ken's size.

The Mattel Corporation's dislike of overt emotion came out again in last year's September-October issue, in a story entitled, "She's a Jolly Good Fellow." Again, Midge was threatening to behave spontaneously. "'*Psst!*' she (Barbie) hissed. 'Don't let her see how you feel, Midge. When she comes back here, pretend it was great.'" In the 1963 Christmas issue, Barbie advocates even greater dissimulation. In this short story, Barbie tries to shore up the Christmas of an old lady who is a friend of her mother. Barbie feels that in this case deception is the road to happiness. She fakes a telephone conversation with her mother and later fabricates a complicated story about the old lady's daughter. The old lady catches Barbie out. But Barbie is not downhearted. Before her tears have fully dried, she

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"We are seeing children who are excited and disturbed by dolls like Barbie and her friends. With baby dolls, girls can play at being active, nurturing mothers and housewives; with Barbie, girls learn to expect to be valued by an ever-increasing wardrobe and their ability to manipulate their fathers and, later, husbands, into buying clothes and more clothes. Boys are being seen in the clinic who use Barbie for sexual stimulation, a fact which might trouble the same parents who are scandalized by comic books and pin-up magazines, were it not for the fact that Barbie masquerades as a child's toy. Both boys and girls are introduced to a precocious, joyless sexuality, to fantasies of seduction and to conspicuous consumption. This reflects and perpetuates a disturbing trend in our culture, which has serious mental-health complications."

Dr. Alan F. Leveton, director of the Pediatrics Mental Health Unit, University of California Medical Center, San Francisco.

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Barbie and her friends

has invented a new lie – this time for her mother.

"She's a Jolly Good Fellow" has unusual interest because it discloses Barbie's political ambitions. The story features Cathy Hawkins, the vice president of the junior class, and the problem of her sudden and unexpected accession to the presidency. Cathy is a feminine girl who shrinks from assuming such authority on grounds that it lies in the realm of boys.

Midge responds to this crisis with the kind of shyness that is very irritating to Barbie. "There's never been a girl class president," says Midge, "in the whole history of Willows."

"So maybe," snaps Barbie, "it's about time we women had a chance to run things."

This attitude seems to run in the family. In last year's final issue of the fan magazine, Barbie's little sister, Skipper, shows promise of developing her matriarchial side. This comes out in a story featuring Tony, who has "clear green eyes" and presumably is pure white and of Anglo-Saxon descent.

Tony and Skipper are walking together in the snow, as the plot begins.

"Skipper halted, and stared up at him. 'You're not wearing boots,' she pointed out. 'Your feet will get soaked. . . .' " A little later, Skipper lectures the boy for not being enthusiastic enough over the fact that she was given the lead in the school play. "At her steady glance," the Mattel literary team reports, "the boy reddened, from the top of his muffled neck to the start of his sandy brown hair. He lowered his eyes and said, 'Aw, Skip, you know I don't mean it.' " Let us hope that the Mattel people are not laying the foundation for some Strindbergian episodes, and that it won't come to the point where Skipper takes out a horse whip and beats her boy friends to their knees. (It is possible, of course, that the reason Skipper feels superior to Tony is because she's a doll and he never made it.)

Just what is the character that Mattel and its affiliated corporations are molding? Do they want a nation of power-mad girls bent on establishing an all-female government? Or do they hope for a nation of narcissistic matrons who live only to dress (never to undress)?

THE EVIDENCE on the educational motivations in Mattel's Southern California headquarters is badly clouded by an article in Volume IV, Number 5, of "Barbie." In a suggested plot for a Halloween play, Barbie is presented "in costume, carrying sacks of cookies and candy" that she got on a door-to-door campaign. Inexplicably, this cold-hearted debutante-career girl-fashion model has made a humiliating climb down the social ladder to go trick-or-treating.

If your tot reads all of her Barbie magazines attentively, she may have trouble figuring out what she's supposed to be molding in the way of character. If she can put this all together without developing clinical symptoms, see that she goes to medical school. This country is going to need psychiatrists with the experience to treat the coming rash of compound mental fractures (schizophrenia barbiekenia). Psychiatrists report that Barbie-instigated problems already harass therapists.

So much for the little girls who, in the decade from 1974 to 1984, are being equipped to take over the country. One feels sorry for the small boys who will grow up to be the men in their lives. A solution may be found in the work of Remco Industries, Inc., in Harrison, New Jersey. This company has developed a doll called "GI Joe" – "America's Movable Fighting Man." After some hours of sincere play with GI Joe, your boy might well become more impolite, hateful, sadistic and sub-humanly mean than he now is. The doll costs only $3.88, and you can get him a helmet with bush to hide behind for only $1.

Joe is the kind of guy who would love to crash one of Barbie's garden parties. The ensuing altercation surely would bring about a major showdown between the education departments of the Mattel Corporation and Remco Industries. For $4.88, that's a bargain.

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EARLY IN 1964, Broadway resounded with controversy over staging Rolf Hochhuth's "The Deputy." Catholics, particularly clerics, publicly and unanimously condemned the play as being an unforgivable slander against the revered Pope Pius XII.

Late in 1964, the Blackfriars, an off-Broadway outlet for Catholic talents and themes, presented a play by one Father Molloy entitled "The Comforter," and advertised as "a reply to 'The Deputy.'"

"The Comforter," as a play, warrants immediate dismissal; it is dramaturgically impossible; it is sophomoric, and would never be mounted except by diligent Catholics anxious to get out the party line.

In the accompanying article, Professor Guenter Lewy analyzes "The Comforter" as an historical document. If all things were equal we would not bother our readers with an analysis of such a wretched work. But all things are not equal.

Catholics all too often believe that their saying something makes it true. This is rankest conceit. If Mr. Hochhuth can be accused of constructing a caricature, so can Father Molloy; if Mr. Hochhuth can be accused of distorting history, so can Father Molloy. However, to many Catholics, because Father Molloy is on their team, he can be believed merely because he is a Catholic who is telling everyone, "This is the truth, boys, because I say it is the truth."

Father Molloy, and all who follow such devious practices, should be ashamed of themselves. Father Molloy hasn't portrayed history, he has engaged in pious propaganda. He must not be allowed to go unanswered.—*Editor*

Guenter Lewy

PIOUS PROPAGANDA

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Rolf Hochhuth's play *The Deputy*, first performed in the spring of 1963, has had the welcome effect of opening up for extensive discussion an issue which for a long time had been buried under a heavy layer of mythology and legend. It probably took the piercing language of a drama to force the problem out into the public domain. Not the least important result of *The Deputy* has been the large number of eyewitness accounts which have appeared in print and can thus be preserved for posterity. But what is gained by the appearance of *The Comforter*, a play billed explicitly as a reply to *The Deputy?* Does it contribute to a clarification of the historical questions raised by Hochhuth's drama? The answer, this writer concludes, must be in the negative.

The Deputy, despite its appended historical sidelights, cannot qualify as history. But *The Comforter* does so even less. To be sure, both plays are built around certain identical events, and both attempt to analyze the motives of Pius XII for not issuing a public condemnation of the Nazis' massacre of European Jewry. What was legitimate for Hochhuth, it could be argued, should be equally legitimate for another playwright, especially one claiming to possess a more accurate insight into the Pope's thinking. Unfortunately in trying to set the record straight, this second play carries us still further away from reality and some of it represents a bold rewriting of history. If Hochhuth to some extent obscured the issue by dramatizing a problem which cannot adequately be understood in terms of personalities, Father Molloy outdoes the young German playwright by far. His play is hagiography; it may provide spiritual edification for some, but it will not help fill in the gaps in our knowledge of this fateful period.

The Vatican archives are still not available for the study of the events of World War II and they probably will not be opened to disinterested scholars for many more decades to come. Yet enough is known about the Papal Secretary of State, Cardinal Eugenio Pacelli, later Pius XII, to enable us to reject Father Molloy's version of Pius' position on Nazism. The information which can be gathered in the files of the diocesan archives in Germany and in the records of the German Foreign Ministry and, more importantly, the actions of Cardinal Pacelli and Pope Pius XII speak another language. Let us look at some specifics.

The hero of Father Molloy's play proudly asserts in August 1939 that he had known of Hitler's aggressive plans for world conquest and war ever since the publication of *Mein Kampf* (1925): "The tragedy of Germany," Pope Pius is made to say in the prologue of the play, "was to have been blinded by false dreams of financial and economic progress. The crime of all the world was to have accepted the ideas Hitler now practices." Many indeed were deceived by the Nazis' smooth talk. But if the Papal Nuncio and later Papal Secretary of State Pacelli was so much more farsighted, why did he not share the fruits of his political acumen with the world? His diplomatic dealings with Nazi Germany certainly do not reveal an understanding of the evil nature of Nazism or a resolute opposition to it. As Papal Secretary of State he sought to protect the special interests of the Church in Germany – the confessional schools, Catholic organizations, the Catholic press – as well as to ward off the encroachments of neopaganism. He did no more and no less. Time and again Pacelli stressed in his notes as well as publicly that the "political side" of German National Socialism was none of his concern, and he welcomed Germany's new strength and influence in Europe. The Vatican turned down the request of Great Britain and France that the Holy See condemn the annexations of Austria and Czechoslovakia carried out by Hitler. The German ambassador at the Vatican reported repeatedly that it was the decisive influence of Pacelli that helped restrain the more temperamental Pope Pius XI who in the last years of his term of office was increasingly inclined to break with Hitler. It is against this record that one must evaluate Father Molloy's claim that Hitler could have been stopped if the world had only listened to Cardinal Pacelli.

What could the world have listened to? The Concordat of July 1933 between Nazi Germany and the Holy See which bolstered Hitler's shaky prestige? Father Molloy tells us that this was a pact "with von Hindenburg–not with Hitler" (Act II, scene 1). Or was Nazism denounced in the encyclical *Mit brennender Sorge* issued by Pius XI in 1937, in the preparation of which Pacelli had an important share? This encyclical too represented a rejection of neopaganism and constituted special pleading for the Church's institutional prerogatives rather than a rejection of dictatorship, concentration camps, torture, anti-Semitism, or of Hitler's design for world conquest. In the months following the publication of this encyclical Pacelli continued to express his desire for friendly relations with Germany, and after his election as pope on March 2, 1939, he made a special effort to achieve a détente. Even before his coronation he received the German ambassador, expressing to him his "burning desire" for peace with the Reich, and the first of the customary notifications of election sent out to the heads of state went to Hitler. Breaking with protocol the new pope, Pius XII, signed the translation and expressed his warm hope for friendly relations. Is this how the world was to be alerted to the Nazi menace?

The prologue of *The Comforter* describes the new Pope's efforts to prevent the outbreak of war in 1939. There is little doubt that Pius XII indeed worked hard at mediating between the Axis powers and the Western Allies and that he tried to halt the start of hostilities. But when the British ambassador at the Vatican sug-

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gested that the publication of the last-minute unsuccessful peace appeal of Pope Pius be accompanied by an expression of regret that the German government, despite the Papal appeal, had plunged the world into war, the Vatican turned down this request as too specific an intervention in international politics. In the new play Pius relates how he "denounced the rape of Poland" in his encyclical *Summi Pontificatus* in words that were "unmistakable" (Act I, scene 2). The Western Allies, it is true, welcomed the Pope's carefully phrased words of sympathy for Poland and used them in leaflets dropped over Germany. But the Gestapo considered the Pope's pronouncement innocuous and ambiguous enough to allow the encyclical to be read from the German pulpits.

Pius XII made great efforts to maintain his absolute neutrality in World War II. This policy was of course mainly dictated by the fact that Catholics fought on both sides. Any attempt on the part of the Supreme Pontiff to apply the just war–unjust war theology and pass judgment on the rights of the warring parties would have created a futile conflict of loyalties for the Catholic population of the aggressor nation, for a Papal denunciation of Hitler's acts of aggression would undoubtedly have fallen upon largely deaf ears in Germany. Father Molloy offers another explanation for Pius's failure to condemn Hitler's war of conquest as unjust. In *The Comforter* Pius is described as equally upset over the bombing of Coventry and Hamburg; "the murder of helpless Poles" is equated with "the massacres of Dortmund and Kiel." The war in the Pope's eyes, it is subtly suggested, was equally unjust on both sides and hence he is made to say: "If tomorrow I ordered all German Catholics to lay down their arms –must I not order the same for Russian Catholics– English Catholics–American Catholics–all Catholics wherever immoral practices are sanctioned?" (Act II, scene 3).

Whether Pius XII indeed evaluated the Second World War in these terms is not known. But if he did, he can hardly have been the astute political observer and superb moral teacher he is portrayed to have been in *The Comforter*. It takes a curious frame of mind to equate Hitler's policy of exterminating the Polish intelligentsia with the saturation bombing by the Allies of German cities. The latter strategy was ill-advised militarily, and it must be criticized both on grounds of international law and morality. But at least it was part of a military plan, and it aimed at hastening the collapse of Germany's war machine. The Nazi campaign of genocide, on the other hand, was based on the Nazis' ideological commitment to bringing about the rule of a master race in Europe; it was definitely dysfunctional for the German war effort and it hindered rather than helped Germany's cause. If the Pope saw no difference between the mass executions of civilians in Poland – a country that was already militarily defeated – and the killing of civilians in the bombed German cities, he was echoing the propaganda line of Goebbels who tried to justify Germany's brutal treatment of the occupied countries by invoking the Allies' bombing of Germany. None in this day and age will expect a Pope to have the authority and power to order the Catholics of an aggressor nation to lay down their arms. But the reasons given by Pius XII in this play for not undertaking such a step do not enhance his moral standing.

All of the above, of course, is mere background leading up to the main thrust of the play – the praise of Pius' role as comforter of the hunted Jews. In an encounter with the Chief Rabbi of Rome, Anton Zolli, the Pope first makes it clear that he does not regard the fate of the hunted Jews as unique. In reply to Zolli who requests help for "the most persecuted children of God" Pius declares: "When you add the numbers of Germans and Poles and Austrians, Czechs and Hungarians murdered by the Nazis, your numbers are relatively small" (Act I, scene 2). This is a startling speech, quite aside from the question of arithmetic, and the curious omission from Pius's catalogue of the only national group with a death toll larger than that of the Jews. Does the author of the play put these words into Pius' mouth in order to show that the Pope was concerned for all the persecuted in the Second World War? Are these lines written with an eye to those who today still regard the murder of six million Jews as just another unfortunate side effect of the last war and dismiss it with "*c'est la guerre*"? We are left wondering. If the Pope thought in these terms, if he failed to perceive that Germans, Austrians and even most Poles could and did escape death by accommodating to the Nazi regime, while the fate of the Jews was sealed no matter what their politics or religion, if he failed to realize the unique situation of the Jews for whom there existed no escape route, then Pope Pius XII again should be found lacking in sophistication as well as moral fiber.

There follows the by now famous incident of the Jewish community's request to the Vatican for help in raising the 50 kilograms of gold demanded by the Germans on pain of taking 300 hostages. In the play it is Chief Rabbi Zolli who comes to the Papal Secretary of State, Maglione, and asks for a meeting with the Pope. After a brief conversation with Maglione, Pope Pius himself talks with Zolli and promises him the needed gold: "Return tomorrow. The gold will be here" (Act I, scene 2). The impression is left that the Pope's offer of gold was taken up and that it saved the situation.

The true facts, as this writer learned only quite re-

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cently, are somewhat different. In the first frantic hours when there was some doubt that the ransom could be raised in time, a representative of the Jewish community, Renzo Levi, approached the vice-abbot of the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Father Borsarelli, and inquired whether the Holy See would be prepared to lend the balance in case of need. The Holy See replied that it would be willing to make up a possible difference, which could be paid back at any suitable time. However, the expected need never arose. The Jews of Rome themselves were able to collect more than the amount of gold demanded by the Nazis.

The Vatican's offer of help, of course, is praiseworthy irrespective of whether it proved necessary to accept it or not. But the play describes the episode in a misleading manner. It also uncritically accepts the claims of the former Chief Rabbi to have been the man who brought about the Vatican's offer of help, a version contradicted by several reliable sources. Anton Zolli is a highly controversial figure. It seems that he hid in the Vatican during almost the entire period of the German occupation of Rome and, that unlike other Jewish leaders, he did not engage in any activity on behalf of the Jews of Rome. There was widespread feeling among the Jewish community of Rome after the liberation by the Allies that Zolli had deserted his flock and it was for this reason, among others, that the leaders of the community sought to oust Zolli from his post as Chief Rabbi. The pat on the back received by Zolli in this play seems a continuation of the extensive publicity given by the Vatican to Zolli's conversion to Catholicism on February 13, 1945.

In the last part of the play the Pope is shown engulfed in a serious conflict of conscience over whether he should or should not issue a public condemnation of the massacre of the Jews all over Nazi-ruled Europe. It is now May 1944, the Allies are victorious on all fronts, as the Pope's secretary Father Leiber reminds the Pontiff. But the latter is worried over Hitler's intent to pull the world into abyss when going down to defeat: "Such a condemnation could mean the holocaust of millions more Jews—and calamity for the Church" (Act II, scene 3). In an earlier scene the Pope had already asserted that every protest by the Vatican against Nazi wrongdoing had been followed by retribution and worse calamity. He had ordered the Dutch bishops and priests to denounce the Jewish deportations from Holland, and as a result the Nazis had seized additional victims. All this spoke against an "oratorical gesture waved at posterity," as Father Molloy's Pius puts it. The question whether a Papal protest might not have warned many Jews of the fate awaiting them upon arrival in the East and might not have impelled many more Christians to hide and save Jews does not enter the equation. Equally absent are considerations like the Pope's fear of the accusation that he had contributed to a German defeat by his condemnation of German atrocities, about which we know from the reports of American diplomats at the Vatican, or the Pope's well-known hesitation to weaken Germany's stand against atheistic Bolshevism. The Jewish leaders themselves, Pope Pius declares in the play, counsel silence in order to facilitate the work of quiet rescue carried out by the Holy See's emissaries in Hungary and Roumania. The Pope's secretary finally confirms what the Pope wants to hear: by denouncing Hitler and his atrocities he would increase the horror and cause untold murder. He would be "a murderer—a wanton criminal."

Is this how the Pope reasoned? Was he conscience-torn and tormented by the fate of the Jews? We do not know and no amount of speculation will answer this question with finality. But if the Pope's thinking really followed that of the discourse composed by Father Molloy, Pius grossly oversimplified a highly complex situation. First, it is not true that every act of public protest was futile and merely made things worse. The eloquent sermons of Bishop Galen of Münster in August 1941 denouncing the Nazis' euthanasia program, for example, helped halt the killing of the mentally deficient and retarded. The Bishop's protest struck such a responsive chord and increased his popularity so enormously that the Nazi government found it impossible to proceed against him. Ulrich von Hassell, a member of the German resistance, recorded in his diary several months later that the episode had demonstrated how "an energetic protest often does have an effect."

Bishop Galen's protest was crowned with success because it coincided with strong popular sentiment against the euthanasia program, and the Nazis knew that to flout this spontaneous outcry might seriously threaten the unity of the home front and the morale of the fighting men in the trenches. Had similar humane feelings been aroused by the disaster befalling the Jews, a protest from the mouth of the Pope and his bishops in Germany might similarly have had some results. But, of course, such an outraged public opinion did not exist in Germany with regard to the Nazis' "Final Solution of the Jewish Question," and this is one of the more important reasons why neither the Pope nor bishops issued a public protest. They knew that such a protest would have placed most Catholics in a conflict of loyalties in which nationalism and tribalism would have won out over the ideal of the brotherhood of all men. The silence of the Church hierarchy thus reflected the feeling of the Catholic masses in Germany and Eastern Europe; it was a measure of the Church's failure to convert her gospel of brotherly love and hu-

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man dignity into living reality. That the Church's age-old anti-Judaism and the open avowal of anti-Semitism by many leading German churchmen had helped inculcate the very sentiments which now stood in the way of a more Christian conduct adds a tragic element to this story.

This deeper dimension of the problem was ignored by Hochhuth's *Deputy* and it is equally absent from *The Comforter*. The Pope in this play is an ardent friend of the Jews. To underscore this point, Pius XII is credited, among other things, with the promise to initiate the publication of a clarifying statement on the meaning of the term "perfidious Jews" in the Good Friday liturgy. In reality, the Sacred Congregation of Rites on June 10, 1948, contented itself with stating that translations of "perfidis Judaeis" as "unbelieving in matters of faith" were not objectionable. It was Pope John XXIII and not Pius XII who in 1959 finally ordered the unfortunate phrase to be stricken from the prayer in question. Father Molloy furthermore makes Pius XII declare in 1943 that "all who sin are mystically responsible for the death of Christ. To say that these Jews quoted in Scripture could possibly speak for all the Jews of the world of that day – or to say that a self-inflicted curse necessarily descends upon all Jews today – this is the creation of a masochistic or sadistic mind!" (Act I, scene 2). Thus Pope Pius XII not only is pictured as doing all he could to save the Jews from their murderers, he is also made the spiritual father of the schema on the Jews, which seeks to clear the Jews of the charge of deicide and which more than twenty years later has such difficulties being accepted by the highest prelates of the Church assembled in council. Again, the fact is that it was Pope John XXIII and not Pius XII who ordered the Secretariat for the Promotion of Christian Unity to draw up the schema "On Jews." If Pius XII was worried over the theological roots of Christian anti-Semitism, he left no memento of such concern.

The Comforter obscures the historical record in many additional points. Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich is credited with appealing for Jews who had been refused entrance into Brazil (Act II, scene 2). The "Jews" in question, who were aided by the Vatican to migrate to Brazil, as the minutes of the Fulda Bishops Conference of 1939 make clear and as Father Leiber confirms, were Catholics, i.e., Jewish converts to Catholicism whom the Nazis considered "non-Aryan." The Brazilian government had insisted that only Catholics be admitted and the Vatican had accepted this condition. There is nothing reprehensible in this action, but the episode should not be cited as an example of help to the Jews. The play consistently transforms hypotheses and unconfirmed reports into facts. To what extent did the papal nuncios in Hungary, Roumania and Turkey, who aided Jews, act on their own or on instructions from Rome? Did the Hungarian Jewish leaders plead with the Pope to remain silent? Did the Hungarian Church issue 80,000 baptismal certificates in order to save lives? There is evidence available to indicate that the Hungarian bishops in July 1944 issued orders barring quick conversions and demanding a release certificate by a rabbi. The actions or inactions of the Western Allies with regard to the Jewish tragedy in World War II come in for repeated criticism. But this important issue is usually posed in order to score the dubious point that two wrongs make one right.

As history, then, the new play is worthless. As a reply to *The Deputy* it is ineffective; in stressing the Pope's many highly laudable charitable activities during the Second World War it is running in open doors, for nobody, including Hochhuth, has denied these. Does *The Comforter* have other redeeming values?

One of the most distressing aspects of the defensive reaction of many Catholics the world over to *The Deputy* has been the insistence on discussing the question of the Pope's role in the Jewish tragedy exclusively in terms of consequences and utility. If a protest could have helped save lives and not harm the Church, it is asserted, it should have been made. Since, however, there was no assurance that this would happen, and since the dangers and risks to the Church were many, silence was not only justified but made imperative. Unfortunately *The Comforter* follows the same line. The dilemma of the Pope is again discussed in terms of the impact of a papal protest upon Hitler and his murderous design and in terms of "*raison d'église*." But these are not the only valid criteria relevant for an evaluation of the Pope's course.

The new play stands in the way of facing the moral issue posed by the Pope's silence and dramatized by *The Deputy*. Max Pribilla, a German Jesuit deeply disturbed by the silence of his bishops on Hitler's Blood Purge of June 1934, about a year later composed what probably will remain the most profound formulation of this very moral issue: "Silence has its limits. There are moments when, without any tangible utility, something has to be said for no other reason but that it is true. If it is not said, the moral order of the world suffers a blow that is harder to overcome than its violation by brute force, and this principle is valid also for the silence 'to prevent worse.' For ultimately the worst that could really happen is that truth and justice would no longer find spokesmen and martyrs on earth." At a time when few in Nazi-ruled Europe could speak up for truth and justice, why was the spiritual head and supreme moral teacher of the Roman Catholic Church satisfied with the role of a comforter?

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Ralph J. Gleason writes on the changing

THE TIMES THEY ARE A CHANGIN'

THE SLENDER GIRL with the glowing eyes and the long dark hair stood before the microphone and sang "Come mothers and fathers throughout the land." Joan Baez' voice carried out the words soft but clear with their plea for understanding. "And don't criticize what you can't understand." The crowd of over 5000 stood motionless. "Your old road is rapidly aging. Please get out of the new one if you can't lend a hand/for the times they are a-changin'!"

The song was Bob Dylan's testament of youth, "The Times They Are A-Changin'," and it symbolized the confrontation of the generations. So did her words as she spoke and urged the audience to "muster up as much love as you can."

Later, to the almost mesmerizing repetitions of "We Shall Overcome," the anthem of the Civil Rights movement etched in the hearts of every Freedom picket line North or South, she led the University of California Free Speech Movement demonstrators into Sproul Hall for their now famous sit-in.

It was no coincidence that this wise child should lead the student demonstrators, nor was it a coincidence that she should lead them with a song, especially the two songs she chose.

It is, in fact, quite logical. Because the revision of morality and the priorities of our society that are evolving – and which the Berkeley FSM movement represents – first broke through the surface of social apathy in the form of folk singers like Joan Baez and topical songs like "The Times They Are A-Changin'."

Topical songs are at the picket point of folk music, and are made, one might suggest, upon any occasion when the pressures of our restrictive society become so unbearable that a conscience in touch with truth must burst forth in song.

The singers of these songs – and most of the singers today with the exception of Joan Baez, are also the writers – occupy a unique position in our society. While they are the poets and the troubadours heralding a revolution, they are at the same time highly rewarded by the very society against which their revolution is aimed.

It is difficult to see this from within the United States perhaps, but it is quite plain from abroad. When a Brazilian jazz musician first heard a recording by Bob Dylan, one of the leading composers and singers in the topical song field, he said: "Do the authorities let him sing that? He's a saboteur!" and the French poet Luis Aragon included a quotation from "Ballad of Oxford, Mississippi," a song by the young writer-singer Phil Ochs, in his most recent book on poetry.

Joan Baez and Bob Dylan are the two leading figures in this crusade for a New Morality. Both of them are immensely successful by all the standards of the American entertainment world. Their albums rank

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message of America's young folk singers

among the best sellers in the music trade sales reports, fully the equal and sometimes the superior in sales volume to the recordings by Frank Sinatra, Elvis Presley or even the Twist star, Chubby Checker. *Variety*, the show business trade paper, regularly reports box office grosses of their concerts and it is obvious that they rate high in the echelons of entertainment concert attractions.

Dylan, in addition, is one of the most prolific and successful composers of songs to appear in the past decade. His own and other artists' recordings of his compositions such as "Don't Think Twice, It's All Right," "Blowin' in the Wind," "With God on Our Side," "It Ain't Me, Babe" and "It's a Hard Rain" may earn him as much as his concerts.

"Give me the making of the songs of a nation and I care not who makes its laws" wrote Andrew Fletcher of Saltoun, a salty seventeenth-century Scot, and it may be that the power he concedes to song will, when added to that of the pen, be mightier than nuclear fission.

Because something is going on here of which we catch glimpses now and then. We see it in Joan Baez' speaking out directly to Lyndon Johnson at the White House in an unprecedented act when she was invited there to sing. We see it again in the similar occasion when she sang at a United Nations affair and bluntly asked Stevenson why, if we really wanted to dis-engage in Vietnam, didn't we just leave. We see it again in Bob Dylan's rejection of the attitudes of the liberal Emergency Civil Liberties Committee in New York who had chosen him for its Tom Paine Award. He spoke to them of Lee Oswald and how "I saw a lot of myself in Oswald and I saw in him a lot of the times we're all livin' in." Naturally they booed him.

We see it again when the young folk singers, like *scagnozzi*, wander across the country from the coffeehouse in Cambridge and Greenwich Village to those in Los Angeles and Berkeley, trying out their songs against The Bomb, against capital punishment, against hypocrisy, and death and deceit and in favor of love and truth and beauty, unashamed in the face of the centuries of misuse which has worn those words thin.

The youth of 1965, the college students who stood on the steps of Sproul Hall to hear Joan Baez tell them to have love in their hearts, have lived with The Bomb all of their lives. It has been part of their consciousness ever since they were aware of anything at all outside of the home. They are the true fallout from the blast that changed the world, the real Bomb Babies.

Ten years ago they heard Elvis Presley and his "Houn' Dog." Then they heard or read about the Beatniks and their rejection of the world they never made. Four years ago the youngsters who will vote this year for the first time, made an eloquent poem of peace, a deeply anti-war song called "Where Have All the Flowers Gone," into a national juke box hit. True, it was in a version by The Kingston Trio, the popular singing group that is a sort of Madison Avenue glossed-up version of authentic folk. But "Where Have All the Flowers Gone" (which was written by Pete Seeger to a Ukrainian folk song he found in Sholokov's "And Quiet Flows the Don") made a tremendous impression. Marlene Dietrich recorded it for the European market

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and made it into a hit there. Seeger himself, as well as several other singers and singing groups, recorded it in this country. And the sentiment it expressed was so unusual and so openly anti-war (and thus opposed to the Cold War position of the U. S. as well as the U.S.S.R.) that the *New York Times* considered its success news fit to print.

Later in the same year, the vocal trio of Peter, Paul and Mary, which is more fakelore than folklore, but which possesses a beautiful long-haired ash blonde as one of its members, made another message song into a hit. This was "If I Had a Hammer," a declaration for brotherhood and for freedom written in the 40's by Pete Seeger and Lee Hays when both were members of The Almanac Singers. The Almanac Singers, it should be noted, were the parent group for The Weavers, who in turn set the style which later made an oil-gusher success for the Kingston Trio, the Limeliters, the Rooftop Singers and other folk groups.

The Weavers themselves were on the verge of being really huge show business successes with hit records ("Goodnight Irene" was theirs) and concert tours, when they were wiped out overnight by the vicious blacklist of the McCarthy era, their records banned from the air, bookings cancelled and record companies unwilling to record them at all.

THEN, IN 1963, Peter, Paul and Mary hit again with "Blowin' in the Wind." This was a Bob Dylan song with repetitious questions like "how many roads must a man walk down before he's called a man?" and "how many times must a man turn his head and pretend he just doesn't see?" all answered by the refrain "the answer my friend, is blowin' in the wind."

High school children the country over sang that song, and while it would be optimistic beyond the limits of reason to maintain that they grasped the full significance of the lines, some of it rubbed off.

Dylan wrote the song as a direct protest against the monstrosity of the world as he saw it. "Some of the biggest criminals are those that turn their heads away when they see wrong and know it's wrong," he told the bimonthly magazine *Sing Out!* ($3 a year; N.Y., N.Y.) one of the important communication links in the folk song network. "The answer . . . ain't in no book or movie or T.V. show or discussion group, man, it's in the wind . . . and just like a restless piece of paper it's got to come down sometime. . . . I'm only 21 years old and I know that there's been too many wars. . . . You people over 21 should know better, 'cause after all you're older and smarter."

And concurrently with the smash hit of "Blowin' in the Wind" (it's now a standard and has been recorded since by jazz saxophonist Stan Getz as well as orchestra leader Duke Ellington), Trini Lopez, a Texas borderland Latin, put "If I Had a Hammer" back on the top rung of the hit lists again. A short time later Pete Seeger, for the first time a hit-maker on his own, though a major figure in folk music for over a decade, sang "Little Boxes," that wry satire on the organization man's Exurbia and made it a contemporary classic.

Deeper still in the country's subconscious ring the charges of "We Shall Overcome," the reprised and renovated old Baptist hymn that has become the symbol of the Freedom Movement and the Southern sit-ins. Countless thousands of Americans vicariously experiencing the Negro revolution in their living rooms, heard that song on television program after television program, heard it drilled into the fibres of the bones from the Washington march and Martin Luther King's appearances. Those hundreds of students who last summer went to Mississippi in the Summer Project grew to know it as intimately as the beat of their own hearts.

All of this experience has prepared the youth of 1965, dissatisfied with the world they came into, convinced that the answers are blowing in the wind, to find expression of their feelings in topical songs.

What is a topical song? A topical song is a folk song, but one with an immediate and topical point – usually political or social – rather than the love ballad or the murder ballad which is free of specific time, generally, and not pinned to an issue.

Blues songs through the years were topical songs many times, though for a particular audience. Woody Guthrie who is with Leadbelly (Huddie Ledbetter), one of the father images in the folk movement, wrote dozens of topical songs.

The radical tradition in America, all the way back to the revolution and on through the Wobblies and the union songs of the 30's, laid the groundwork for the folk song revival of the past few years. The Weavers, the Almanac Singers and others in the late 30's were consciously trying to preserve folk songs and to apply the topical song method ("Talkin' Union Blues," "This Land is My Land," "The Sinking of the Reuben James") to communicate to the mass audience.

But only after World War II did the record buying public become a mass audience, actually, and then the political repression of the McCarthy era, the hot war of the American Right, stifled the burgeoning folk song movement.

Not until the music broke through the political barriers by going outside it to be sung by purely commercial pop artists did it really hit the masses. The pure pop artists were commercial figures free of any political taint, and anyway the recording business is a mass operation guided only by the principle of profit and caring for nothing but that profit.

Thus the message spread out. Why did these singers prove attractive to youth? Why did Bob Dylan, for instance, with his unkempt hair, his baggy clothes and his cowboy cum beatnik look emerge as a hero figure?

continued on p. 47

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Folk singers were in the lead
of the student rebels at the University of California.
The demonstration was the social philosophy
of folk singers set to action.
In the following pages, the action at Berkeley
is linked with the songs that inspired the students.

WE SHALL OVERCOME

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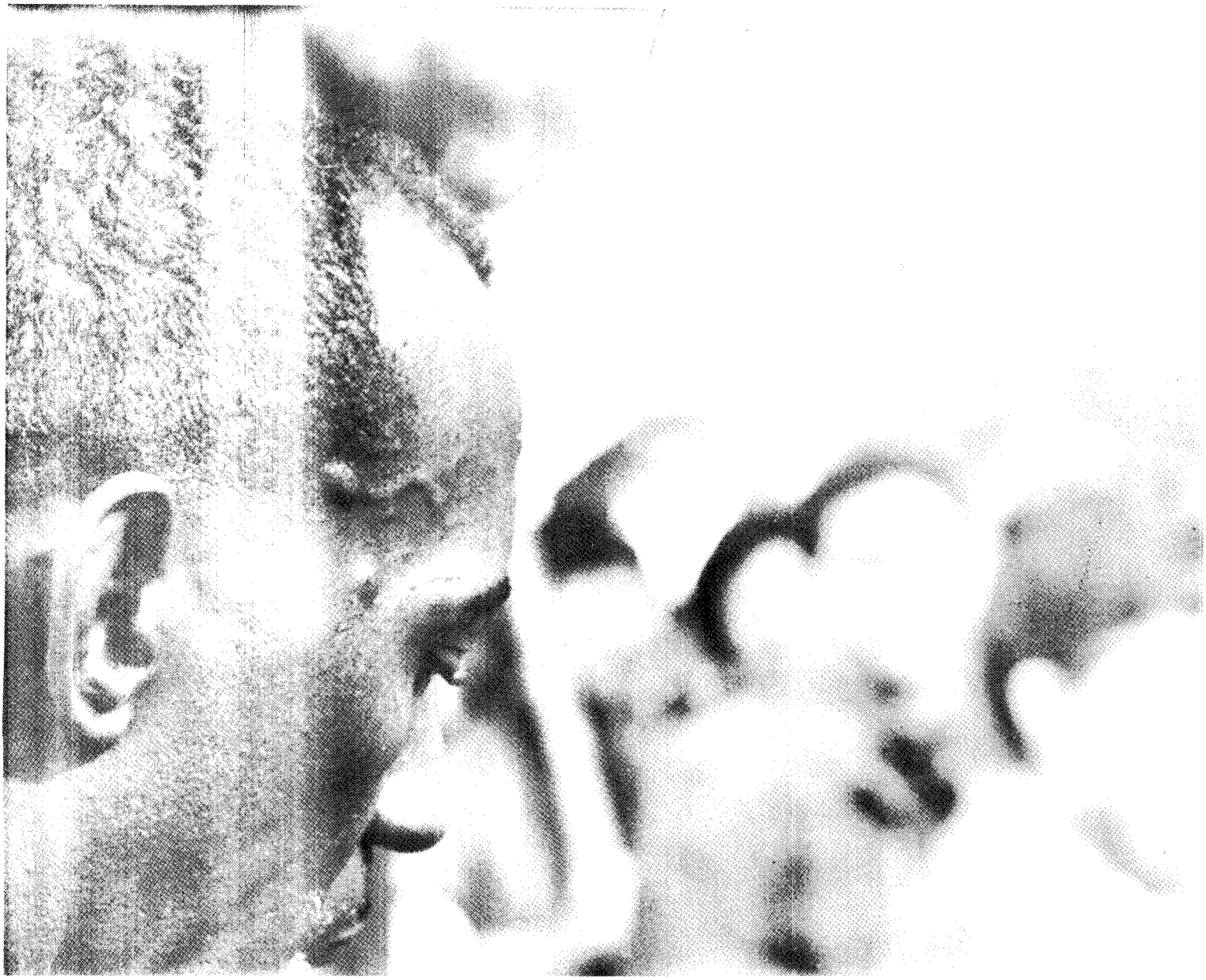

MAN ... 1964 by FALL RIVER MUSIC, INC. All rights reserved Used by permission

Don't wade in muddy water if you can't swim
The snags and holes make chances slim
If you can swim don't wade at all
Why stub your toe, why risk a fall
But the water's clear, the bottom's sand
I swim the sea, I walk the land
The great design, the master plan
To be a man

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With my swing blade in my hand
As I looked across the land
And thought of all the places that I'd been
Of that old house that I called home
Where I'd always been alone
And of that weedy grave that held my closest kin
And as I cut the weeds from o'er my father's grave, father's grave
I swore no child I bore would be a slave

FATHER'S GRAVE (For Cordell Reagon) Words and music by Len H. Chandler, Jr. © Copyright 1964 by FALL RIVER MUSIC, INC. All rights reserved Used by permission

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ONE MAN'S HANDS Words by Alex Comfort, music by Pete Seeger © Copyright 1962 by Sanga Music, Inc. All rights reserved Used by permission

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One man's hands can't tear a prison down
Two men's hands can't tear a prison down
But if two and two and fifty make a million
We'll see that day come 'round
We'll see that day come 'round

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Nobody knows about
Nobody knows about
What's going on down there
Who's going to tell about
Who's going to tell about
What's going on down there
What's going on down there

WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE Words and music by Malvina Reynolds © Copyright 1964 by Schroder Music Company, Berkeley 4, Calif. All rights reserved Used by permission

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THAT'S WHAT I LEARNED IN SCHOOL Words and music by Tom Paxton ©Copyright 1962 by CHERRY LANE MUSIC, INC. Assigned TEENA MUSIC CORPORATION 1963 All rights reserved Used by permissior

Vhat did you learn in school today
)ear little boy of mine?
Vhat did you learn in school today
)ear little boy of mine?
learned that Policemen are my friends
learned that justice never ends
learned that murderers die for their crimes
ven if we make a mistake sometimes
nd that's what I learned in school today
'hat's what I learned in school

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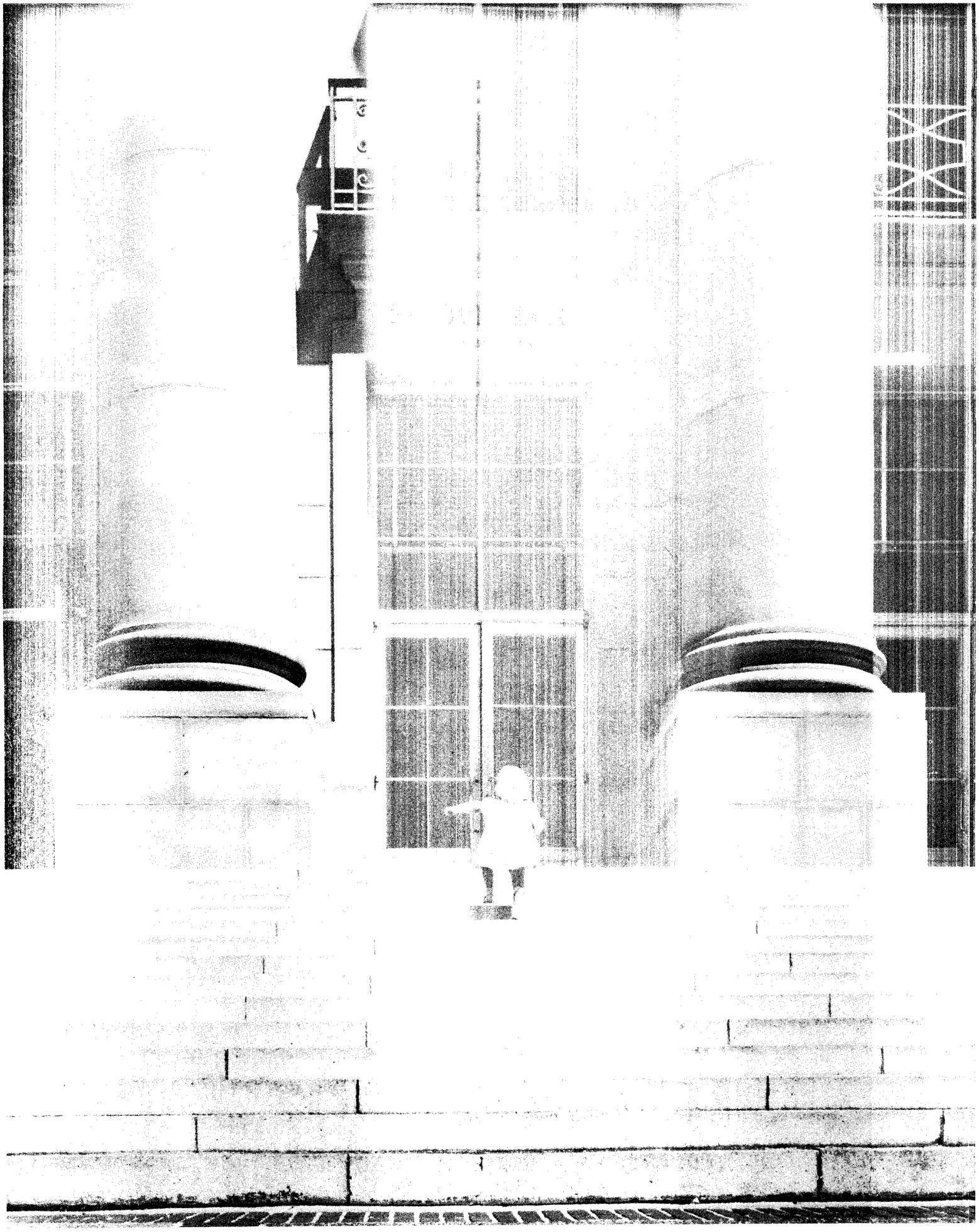

What did you learn in school today?

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Malvina Reynolds, the greyhaired grandmother who wrote "Little Boxes," ties it all together. "He is *saying* something and saying it effectively and the fact that he has no voice and looks like nowhere is incidental," she says. "These kids have been betrayed by the good voices all their lives, have been told lies by the good voices. I mean social lies – that love is all, y'know, and if you're good everything will be wonderful. These are the things the good voices have told youth," Mrs. Reynolds points out and youth has rejected them in favor of Dylan's lyrics, his anti-slick image clothes and his Charlie Chaplin put-on style.

THE OTHER MASS MEDIA latched on to the folk music boom the moment the money glittered. The American Broadcasting Company started a weekly TV show, "Hootenanny," and it immediately demonstrated that the mass media is frightened by poets. All the singers sang his songs, but Pete Seeger was too hot politically to be allowed on a national TV show. The same was true for the Weavers and then, in a move that should have been but wasn't obvious to the producers, both Joan Baez and Bob Dylan refused to have anything to do with "Hootenanny" ("money doesn't talk, it swears" is a line in one of Dylan's songs).

The new songs, like the old radical songs, had a fatal flaw. They said things and thus frightened people. It was a rare song in the 30's, 40's or even the 50's, that ever really came out and said anything and still was a popular hit. One of the few that comes to mind is "Sixteen Tons," the classic protest against the company store and the miner's exploited life. It was a big juke box hit, but that was a decade ago.

The rock and roll, rhythm, and rhythm and blues songs of the past few years have had implications of a social nature. The Drifters' "Up on the Roof," for instance – with its lines about the teenager's rooftop hideout "right smack dab in the middle of town, I found a paradise that's trouble proof" is certainly a song of alienation and the lonely urban crowd.

And there's the hit country and western song of a few years back, "Hey Okie" ("if you see Arkie, tell him I got a job for him, out in Californy"), a sentiment straight from a migrant worker's knapsack.

Malvina Reynolds' "The Concrete Octopus" protested the freeway rape of parks and timberland but was never a hit. One juke box song a couple of years ago told of a girl who was ashamed to bring her boyfriend home because her neighborhood looked so bad and she had to meet him where the surroundings were nicer – a sort of plea for urban renewal.

But it took Pete Seeger, Joan Baez and Bob Dylan to get the topical song, hard-hitting at specific issues, really going. It's spread out now so that a pop-folk (the music trade's category for the non-authentic but commercially successful) group like the Chad Mitchell Trio can record "The John Birch Society" or a satire on Goldwater, "Barry's Boys," and even the usually tepid Kingston Trio can go deeply into protest songs for an entire album.

OF COURSE THE SUBJECTS of the topical folk songs from "Who Killed Davy Moore" (death in the boxing ring) by Bob Dylan to "As Long As the Grass Shall Grow" by Peter La Farge (a protest against the treatment of the American Indian) are not new. Nor are they unknown. But it is unusual for them to reach the mass audiences that the topical folk songs now do. And it is the fact that a good deal of the attitudes and opinions presented in the works of Dylan, Paxton, Ochs and the other writers, are not reflected in the mass communication media that has given added thrust to their concentration on topical songs. In essence the topical song writers have consciously or unconsciously transformed the medium of the phonograph record from pure entertainment to that of the communication of ideas and made of the concert hall a political platform.

When Bob Dylan finished a concert at the Berkeley Community Theater to which a capacity house of over 3000 had paid upwards of $4 each, one of the audience said, "Do they know he is a revolutionary? Do they realize they have paid $4 to hear him attack the whole social structure?"

Joan Baez, whose stepping stones to the top rank in the concert field were the old English and Kentucky ballads, has for some time now sprinkled in among them the direct message of the topical songs. Before an audience of 7000 in the gymnasium on a rainy Homecoming Day at the University of California, she paused in her program of "Copper Kettle," "Silver Dagger," and "Koom-bayou" to sing Malvina Reynolds' "What Have They Done to the Rain?" And before a similar crowd outdoors in the Greek Theater, she sang Richard Farina's memorial to the school children massacred in Alabama, "Birmingham Sunday." And I have witnessed uniformed officers of the U.S. Army and Marine Corps applaud her for singing "With God on Our Side," Dylan's classic anti-war song.

Sometimes the audience objects and customers call out "don't give us messages." But this doesn't have any effect. Miss Baez, like the others in this movement, is determined to have her say. Last year in a concert at Baltimore, Md., where the Negro maid, Hattie Carroll, was beaten to death by a cane-wielding farmer who got off with a light sentence and probation, she sang Dylan's "The Lonesome Death of Hattie Carroll." "I felt the audience stirring," she says, "and I couldn't think why until I finished and remembered it was Baltimore."

There is a deep thing at work in all of this. The Reality behind the American dream and the truth behind its mythology is being attacked relentlessly by a

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generation that takes nothing for granted from its elders. They have added the weight of words to the anti-establishment humanitarian position the jazz musicians have wordlessly occupied for years. "There's a saying in the movement that you can't trust anyone over 30," Jack Weinberg, one of the University of California Free Speech Movement leaders, has said, and it is manifestly obvious that, with the exception of Pete Seeger, all the leaders in the field of topical song singing are well under 30, some barely out of their teens.

This is their audience, too. This postbeatnik group of Atom Bomb babies has produced some wildly devout Bob Dylan fans who have even, maintaining that he is, above all, a poet, insisted on bringing Dylan lyrics to English classes in high school and junior high school.

And as the Negro revolution is being played out and documented on that great equalizer, television, this generation has seen the history of the black man revised. Not only the history of the black man in America, but the history of Africa as well has undergone a great revision. It turns out that what it says in the textbooks is not the way it is, and it doesn't take a particularly perceptive youth to recognize it.

And not only to recognize it but to apply it to other things as well. To the history of the American Indians, for instance, and why stop there? Why not apply it to China and Vietnam and encourage the inevitable sneaking suspicions that the rest of history could bear a similar revision?

At the University of California, the FSM rebels sang parodies of Christmas carols like "Joy to the World" or irreverent lyrics to the theme of Beethoven's Ninth – "Make the students safe for knowledge, keep them loyal, keep them clean. This is why we have a college/ Hail to IBM Machine!"

"For all people laugh in the same tongue and cry in the same tongue," Dylan says, expressing the universality of what he believes. "There's no right wing or left wing . . . there's only up wing and down wing."

Dylan's lyrics are being collected in book form as poems and "A Hard Rain" has already been included in an anthology of contemporary poetry. America's youth seems to have found a voice. Is there something symbolic in the fact that it belongs to a young Minnesotan who changed his name from admiration of a Welch poet? But "my name it means nothing, my age it means less" Dylan wrote in "With God on My Side" as if to answer the critics. Perhaps it symbolizes his rebirth in a new world.

In any case, denied the orthodox channels of communication – as the graduate student says in Lawrence Ferlinghetti's "Routines," "we have no media, we have no person of prominence in our country who will lead us in any sort of campaign" – they have gone directly to the people with broadsides and with topical songs.

The traditional apolitical attitude of the American entertainment world, the pattern since Bogart apologized, is no more. These artists speak out. "Indeed I live in the dark ages," Brecht wrote 39 years ago, "a smooth forehead betokes a hard heart and he who laughs has not yet heard the sad tidings."

There are overtones of Brecht in Dylan to be sure. "I saw ten thousand talkers whose tongues were all broken/I saw guns and sharp swords in the hands of young children." And there is tragedy in Peter La Farge's "Coyote." "They strychnined the mountains, they strychnined the plains/my little brothers, the coyote, won't come back again." But there is, too, a dedication to joy and to life, as if the promises of the New World have not yet been lost entirely, just expressed differently.

"Bob Dylan says all the things I feel but can't say myself" a fourteen-year-old girl wrote. And among the things that he and Joan Baez and the other conscience singers are saying is that the Emperor has no clothes. "We have believed too long that he has," they tell us. And they add, "we want to love, not to be blown up, and we want to live free."

This is the New Morality and these are the New Moralists who are revising the priorities of the entire society. They are simplistic and evangelical and miliary visionaries. They say the virtues are Love and Truth and Beauty and the ultimate sins are to hurt another human, to break trust and not to love.

They have rejected so thoroughly all the language and attitudes and the concepts of their elders that a fragment of Dylan's verses seems like a summary of it all:

"Shoot craps
in the alley garbage pot
You say "nothin's perfect"
an i tell you again
There are no politics."

Folk music which began its revival with Leadbelly and Woody Guthrie and union songs is topical now and confronts Bull Connor as well as Vietnam. The times, indeed, are a-changin' and these young artists are among the reasons why and they have served notice on their elders to get out of the way.

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QUEST FOR THE ETA

BY WILLIAM CHAPIN

LAFCADIO HEARN, that romantic Irishman who explored Japan so deeply that he finally became a Japanese, visited an Eta settlement in the coastal village of Mionosoki, and later he wrote: "The children never pass the unmarked boundary; and the very dogs will not cross the prejudice-line."

Hearn was describing a scene from the 19th century; but his words have lost none of their dark meaning, for the Eta still exist today, and so does the "prejudice-line." The Eta are the outcasts of Japan, the pariahs, the "unclean," the dregs of society. They live, without hope, in ghettoes attached to the country's major cities. For years they were not even counted as human beings in the national census, so it is impossible to say accurately how many Eta there are now. They certainly number in the millions; the highest contemporary estimate is three million, which is not a trivial fraction of Japan's population. Yet few foreigners, including those who make their homes in Japan, have ever heard of the Eta, so effective is the wall of silence that hides them.

The Japanese do not like to talk about the Eta. It is a shameful topic in a society where shame (but not guilt) is a large emotion. Moreover, a favorite way to solve a problem in Japan is to pretend that there *is* no problem. And hence, no Eta.

During a recent year that I spent in Tokyo I became curious about the Eta, and I asked a great many questions. Or rather, I asked the same question a great many times. It was a frustrating experience, because I did not get many answers. And although I brought back to America an abiding affection for the Japanese, I was appalled and puzzled by their attitude towards the Eta. I still am.

I tried to find out exactly *who* the Eta are. I discovered that they elude any precise definition. I also tried to find out exactly *how* the Japanese manage to segregate the Eta so completely, since they are, racially and ethnically, one and the same. I discovered that this is even more shadowy and mysterious, yet it is probably the key to the entire problem. A member of the Eta caste will occasionally try to "pass," as a light-skinned Negro will pass in the United States, although in Japan, of course, it is not a matter of color. Sooner or later, the ones who "pass," who seek to escape the ghetto, are betrayed by their Eta heritage, with results that are tragic: broken homes, lost jobs, and even suicide.

The Eta, then, seem to bear an invisible stain. At least it was invisible

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to me; and, I suspect, to any other Occidental. But I hunted for it, and what follows here is simply an account of that hunt. It may not reveal much about the Eta; it may reveal something about the Japanese.

I FIRST STUMBLED ON THE ETA, almost literally, while on my way to a baseball game with two teen-aged boys: one of them my son, the other a jaunty, ingratiating youth named Masahiko Suzuki who lived in our suburban neighborhood in Tokyo. We were at Yoyogi railroad station, and we had to step over, or around, a body that was sprawled at the foot of a flight of stone stairs. So did thousands of other commuters. The obstacle in our path was either asleep, comatose, or dead—no one stopped to find out. The man's clothes were filthy rags; his face was encrusted with dirt; his hair was long and matted. We were moving with the crowd, of course, so I got only a quick glance at him: but I can remember thinking that he appeared to have been *flung* there by some terrible force, and that he was abandoned to total exhaustion and despair. And even though I had been in Japan no more than a month, I was uncomfortably aware that the public presence of this man in the railroad station was odd . . . and most exceptional.

It was exceptional (a sudden shock of non-recognition) because Tokyo today is the classic boom city, and the newcomer's first impression is that every one of its citizens, from the silver-haired tycoon in his Mercedes-Benz to the construction worker in his orange helmet, is in an awful hurry. Everyone has a purpose, chases a goal. And here, for the first time, I had seen a person who spectacularly had no purpose and no goal, who had sunk to the depths.

We were swept along hurriedly into the train that took us to the baseball game, so I did not have time, then, to reflect upon this very *different* Tokyoite, but as soon as we had settled into the bleachers of Korakuen Stadium, I questioned Masahiko Suzuki.

Who, I inquired, was the man at the foot of the stairs? Masahiko's English is sketchy, and my Japanese is worse than sketchy, but I threw in a few gestures, and I'm sure that he got the drift immediately. Masahiko is quick, with an agile mind. He sucked in his breath, looked away, and said nothing.

"Masahiko," I insisted, speaking slowly, "what . . . kind of person . . . was that? I have never seen before."

Another silence. Finally, with his face somber, Masahiko held out his right hand as if it pained him. The little finger was extended straight out, the thumb and other fingers cocked into the palm. "Ah . . . well . . . *bad* persons," he said.

"You mean, beggar?"

"No no no no no. *Not* beggar. *Bad* persons."

And that was all. The language barrier can be raised or lowered in Japan, and it was obvious that Masahiko wanted it up—all the way. So we turned to the green and flood-lit field to watch the Tokyo Giants defeat the Taiyo Whales. But the incident nagged at me all through the game, especially Masahiko's peculiar little signal with the right hand, and when we got home that night I talked to Shigeko Ogawa, our housemaid. Shigeko spoke a casual, easy-going English that matched her easy-going personality, and she was also, we had happily learned, a veritable fount of Oriental lore.

"Oh, sure, sure . . . that's sign for Eta," said Shigeko, and she made the sign, just as I had in bringing up the subject. "*You* know, like animal. Maybe cow."

This did not clear it up entirely, I felt. What are Eta, I asked. Are they Japanese?

"Oh, sure. Japanese." said Shigeko, and then, after a pause: "Low people. We never marry. Maybe they *little* bit not Japanese." She gave me an inquiring, bemused stare, as if seeing me in a new light, as if I had caught her slightly off balance. "You first American I ever hear ask about Eta."

Shigeko, unlike the boy Masahiko, was not embarrassed by this interrogation; having worked for American families for nearly a decade she was familiar with their uncouth manners. But her remarks were vague and contradictory, and it took several minutes while we both groped for words before I really understood the evolution of that stigmatic sign for the Eta. In centuries past the sign had been made by holding up all four fingers (the four legs of an animal); this was such a direct and shattering insult, however, that eventually it was turned inside out: the straightened little finger was enough to imply the others. Thus it satisfied the Japanese instinct for artful concealment while retaining its ugly message. A complete lesson, I thought, in how to keep one's manners from being uncouth.

I asked Shigeko if she knew any Eta, and if she did, could she introduce me to them? No, she did not. She had been warned, as a child, to stay away from them. Did the Eta go to school? Oh, sure, of course. But Japanese did not talk to them. Did they have special names? No, Japaneses names. Then how could you tell when a person was an Eta? Well, Japanese families were very careful about marriages. They hired detectives to look up the ancestral family records. What kind of jobs, if any, did the Eta have? Butchers and shoemakers, and perhaps the men who clean out toilets.

Shigeko Ogawa answered my questions willingly, as

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best she could—and what she supplied me with were the scattered pieces of a jigsaw puzzle. A puzzle that, for me, became an exasperating challenge.

In the following weeks, whenever I walked or rode through Tokyo, I was much more likely to notice people who I assumed were Eta. They would usually be near the railroad stations—two or three every day, leaning motionless against the walls or stretched out on the ground. Among them were a fair proportion with crippling injuries or huge deformities. But the real distinguishing marks, the two things that they all seemed to have in common, were a look of blank loneliness and long, filthy, matted hair. There are, of course, a number of Japanese who are merely poor, but the poor are also neat and clean; the gap between them and these derelicts was incredible. I began to think that Eta was just a word to lump together all of a nation's unwanted human beings.

In the following weeks, too, I tried a more academic approach, with scant results. I went to the Maruzen store, which has the largest collection of English-language books in Tokyo. I asked a grave young clerk if he could find me a book about the Eta; the clerk gave me an astonished glance, bowed once, and vanished silently into the back of the store. I waited for him to return. I browsed along the book counters where there were scores of volumes, handsomely illustrated, of flower-arrangment and the tea ceremony, and then I left.

I had been given the name of an American missionary who worked at Hiroshima's Christian Social Center, in which, it was said, the Eta sometimes took refuge. I wrote him a letter. The missionary's reply was prompt, friendly, and tried to be helpful. But the gist of it was that almost nothing on the subject had ever been published in English, and that it would be wise of me to learn Japanese if I wanted to pursue the problem. This was discouraging.

I wrote to an American woman whose address was a Tokyo welfare agency called Ai Kei Gakuen. She said, rather diffidently, that she would just as soon see me, although "Ai Kai Gakuen doesn't like much publicity." I tried to set up an interview, and stupidly mentioned that I was a newspaperman. That was the end of my contact with Ai Kei Gakuen; it was as if a door had been slammed shut.

I wrote to the Reverend Kanichi Nishimura, a member of the Japanese Parliament and honorary chairman of the Christian Buraku Council. He was, I had been told, an authority on the Eta and a most coöperative man. There was no answer; perhaps he never received my letter.

I wrote to an "R. D. Newton" who had published an article touching on the Eta in the English-language version of the *Yomiuri Shimbun*, one of Japan's largest newspapers. Mr. Newton had made the interesting point that hundreds of atom-bomb survivors had drifted into the Eta ghettoes. They, too, were "unclean"—contaminated by radiation—and they had nowhere else to go. The *Yomiuri* editors informed me that "R. D. Newton" was the pseudonym of a man who refused to give out his address, but that they would be happy to forward my letter. I presume they did; but there was no answer.

I ran out of people to write to. I seemed to be at a dead-end. Finally, at a cocktail party, I met a man named John Takahashi, and a few of the walls came tumbling down. John Takahashi is a Nisei who was born in San Francisco, raised in Tokyo, and educated at the University of California. He is highly informed and highly articulate in both English and Japanese. And he can speak with a wry and special knowledge of discrimination, since, as a Japanese-American, he was interned by the United States government after Pearl Harbor. John Takahashi said he would be glad to tell me all he could about the Eta; more than that, he would accompany me on a trip to Tokyo's biggest Eta settlement, a place called Sanya. He indicated that it would not be prudent for a foreigner to go to Sanya alone.

TWO DAYS LATER, on a Saturday morning that was hot, sunny, and thick with Tokyo's swirling dust, John and I got into a taxicab in front of his Roppongi District apartment and headed for Sanya. It was a long ride, through the heart of the city to the Sumida River, and during it John chain-smoked, and talked steadily.

"Well, in the first place Eta is a loaded word," John began. "It's hard to believe, but I lived in Japan for six years, as a kid, before even *I* ever heard it used. It's like saying nigger . . . or Jap, for that matter . . . and it's one reason why, when a Japanese hears a foreigner like you ask about the Eta, he just freezes up. It kind of stuns him.

"There are other words, of course. Nowadays they're mostly called *buraku-min* . . . I suppose you could translate that as 'barracks-people'; and for a while they were the *kawagami*, the 'skin people.' But no amount of fooling around with words eliminates the prejudice . . . it never does . . . the words themselves, the new ones, become tarnished, and just as insulting as the original Eta. There's no end to it, really. The newspapers seem to think one word is as good as another. For instance, a few

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months ago there was a big fight, almost a riot, in Sanya, the place where we're going, and all the papers referred to the 'lawless Eta elements.'

"Incidentally, the two Chinese ideographs that are used to write the word Eta can best be rendered in English as 'defilement abundant.' That'll give you some idea of what these people are up against. It goes back a long, long way."

Our taxi driver interrupted, at this moment, and John switched abruptly from English to Japanese. We were caught in a traffic jam, it was fearfully hot, and I judged that our man either didn't know the route to Sanya or wasn't eager to go there. John appeased him, however, and then returned to his lecture:

"I'm not sure how it started, and I don't believe anyone else is. Japan had slaves, you know, back a thousand years before Christ, when the Yamato clan was pushing north from Kyushu to central Japan and knocking off all the other clans. It's reasonable to assume that they made slaves of most everybody they captured alive, and that those slaves were the first Eta. But they *are* Japanese . . . no question of it. Some people would like to tell you otherwise. They're wrong. Even the anthropologists can't seem to agree on what a 'pure' Japanese is. Anyway, what difference does it make?

"So . . . The Eta started at the bottom of the heap and a lot of things combined over the years to keep them there. Not the least of them being religion. I guess you're aware of all the purification business in Shintoism. With the Shintoists (and mind you I'm not criticizing), cleanliness is not next to godliness, it *is* godliness. The things that pollute you the most are blood and death, and the Shinto worshipers were always washing to get rid of the blood. But *someone* had to do the dirty jobs . . . animals had to be killed; so did quite a few human beings, apparently. Those jobs went to the Eta, and they were forbidden to take any others. They were the slaughterers, they tanned hides and worked the leather . . . and they were torturers and executioners. A nasty, mean way to live, but you have to conclude that the Shinto attitudes forced the Eta into it.

"You can see why this wouldn't make them exactly popular with the rest of the Japanese, however. Nobody much likes a torturer. And later, when Buddhism moved in on Shintoism, during the fifth century or thereabouts, the Eta had *even more* of the Establishment going against them. Because the Buddhist priests didn't approve of slaughtering, or meat-eating, any more than the Shintoists did. The Buddhists didn't have to create any group of 'untouchables' when they came over from the mainland—they were already here.

"And, finally, when you consider how fussy the Japanese have always been about family lines—ancestor worship and keeping the name unsullied and so forth—you can understand how they would be scared to death of that Eta taint."

JOHN TAKAHASHI PAUSED AGAIN, to catch his breath.

For a few minutes we sat quietly, listening to the rasp and bang of traffic, soaking up the endless sweat with our handkerchiefs. I looked out at the citizens of Tokyo, walking, riding bicycles, standing patiently at bus stops. They seemed, as they always did, to be a cheerful lot, far removed from the troubled story that was taking shape in this taxicab.

"It must have been very rough in those days," John said presently. "But if you've read any reliable Japanese history . . . not just the romantic *samurai* things . . . you will know that everybody had it rough . . . all the common people. Before the Tokugawa shoguns set up their military dictatorship Japan was one civil war after another. War lords carving up the land and a bloodthirsty bunch they were, too. As far as the Eta go, the irony of it is that they got their one single break . . . the one improvement in their situation . . . because of these constant battles. You've seen *samurai* armor, I suppose? It's mostly leather. That's where the Eta got their 'in.' Every time a war lord, a *daimyo*, got smashed up by another *daimyo* he'd decide he needed more *samurai*. And that meant more armor, and that meant hiring more Eta to make it. It reached the point where the *daimyo* were competing with each other in handing out privileges, even letting the Eta inside the castle compounds. It must have been quite a shock. But no marriage, of course. That, above everything else, is what has kept them a breed apart, even to this day.

"Better times for the Eta didn't last, though, because peace came. The Tokugawas whipped everyone else in sight, and for more than two hundred years nobody challenged them. And the Tokugawas *really* cracked down on the Eta. They made it all legal. The Tokugawas were always drawing up codes and laws . . . they loved to put things on paper . . . and they posted lists of taboos for the Eta. Such as, they couldn't wear hats, even when it was raining; or they couldn't tan hides that were white (that's an odd twist, isn't it?); or they couldn't walk on a certain side of the street, or use umbrellas, or wear *geta*. It was deliberate persecution. I remember reading of one famous case, about 1860, in which a city magistrate acquitted a Japaneses youth who had murdered an Eta. He ruled that 'one Japanese life is equal to seven Eta lives'; therefore the offense was one one-seventh of a murder. Hardly worth bothering with. It was a handy decision if you wanted to kill some Eta and not be punished for it.

"This was near the end of the Tokugawa Period, and conditions got so unbearable for the Eta that there were a few rebellions . . . desperate battles in the streets, especially in the Tokyo area. But they were all put down. The Eta didn't have a chance."

John Takahashi took a deep breath and said: "I guess that winds it up. Or at least it's all I can tell you about the Eta. It's not a pleasant story, is it? And the Sanya

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district . . . we're almost there . . . isn't a pleasant part of Tokyo.

"Oh, yes, I forgot one thing. When the Meiji Restoration got under way, the emperor liberated the Eta with a proclamation in 1871. That's supposed to be a big important date with the Eta . . . they became citizens and theoretically they could marry other Japanese. But it didn't change matters." John smiled at me. "A bit like the Lincoln Emancipation . . . and about the same time, too."

"It *did* result in still one more name for the Eta, and names they had plenty of already. The Japanese began calling them *zocho*, which means 'puffed-up people.' You see, every now and then the Eta would rise up and demand their rights. They were 'puffed up' with pride. You can almost hear the outraged citizens muttering to each other: 'The Eta are fine so long as they know their place'."

The taxicab slowed to a stop, the driver turned and looked at us briefly, impassively. He spoke to John, and John said: "Well, this is their place. Right here. We're in Sanya."

穢

It was not what I had expected. I had been persuaded by John's informal Eta history, to be ready for some sort of demarcation line: if not medieval walls then at least a high bamboo fence. Instead, Sanya looked like any other Tokyo slum section, except that the streets were relatively deserted. I commented on this as we got out of the cab; our driver, as we paid him, told John that it was quiet now because the dwellers of Sanya slept in flop houses all day and only emerged at night to drink and brawl.

John and I walked, through a maze of shabby shops and low, tin-roofed homes. The alleys were unpaved and filled with mud puddles. Children played here and there, but they did not seem especially ragged or deprived. A few men were lying on the ground, presumably asleep; they were like the men I had seen around the railroad stations in the busier parts of Tokyo. But nothing seemed very startling, and I had a sense of middle-class disappointment.

We wandered eventually into a block-square, treeless park beside a building that appeared to have been bombed out. We sat down on a concrete bench. Knots of men moved listlessly in the park—the idlers you can see in any park in any country. Within five minutes a stocky man, perhaps 30 or 40 years old, strode towards us. He wore baggy blue trousers and a black cotton jacket. He needed a shave. He walked rapidly, with a slight lurch.

"Shut up! Shut up! Shut up, Yankee," he yelled, and shoved us to make room for himself on the bench. He sat down and glared. "Shut up!"

I said nothing.

The man asked John, who kept up a running translation, what he was doing in the park with a foreigner. He said angrily that Sanya was no place for Americans; they should stay away. John told him that we would move soon, that I had been injured in the war and had to stop in the park to rest my bad leg. His answer to this was that he, too, had been in the war—a fighter pilot at Pearl Harbor!—and had been wounded. This boast was backed up by some furious fist-shaking and a noisy demonstration of a machine gun being fired. Also, "Shut up, Yankee!"

The story was outlandish, but he had scars that were real enough: on the palms of both hands, on his legs (he rolled up his trousers to display them proudly) and a long gash from one eye to a corner of his mouth. He said his name was Kazuo Watanabe, which, John said, was like being named "Bill Smith."

Kazuo Watanabe had a talking jag. In the manner of most drunks—and it was evident that he was carrying a goodly load—he was like a small boat in a squall: driven first in one direction, then in another. He shouted that he hated Yankees (I had already formed that impression), and that recalling the war made him hot and angry all over again. But then he said he liked me because we had both been wounded in the war. First he would hit me, not hard, on the chest; then he would throw both arms around me. John told him that I had been a prisoner of the Germans; not to be outdone, he said *he* had been a prisoner of the Germans also. I wondered what war he was talking about. Throughout this ranting he kept up his chorus of "Shut up, Yankee"—the extent of his English vocabulary.

When we left the park, Kuzuo stuck with us. Several other men sidled up, staring curiously, but Kazuo drove them off with shouted threats. He had found a "mark" in this stray foreigner and he wasn't going to share it. He confided to John, in a stage whisper, that he could frighten away those other bums because he ran a gambling game in Sanya—he was *boncho*, the big boss.

We walked to a tiny shack that turned out to be a stand-up bar and drank several bottles of beer, which John and I paid for. Kazuo insisted that we drink "bottoms-up," and he slopped beer all over the three of us. He rambled on and on about the war—the fanciful, fragmented dreams of a drunk—yet in the midst of this he suddenly began to weep. His grief was violent, his tears thick. He said that the war made him feel sad.

As soon as he had weathered this fit of crying, Kazuo

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warned me slyly never to visit Sanya after dark. I would be stripped of my clothes and cut with knives. I was quite ready to believe him.

The mention of clothes made him ashamed of the ones he was wearing. He said he had a fine suit in a pawnshop, and suggested that we go get it. So we moved off, this time with Kazuo in the middle, a resolute arm around each of us to discourage escape. We arrived at the pawnshop after much backing and filling, and pounded on the door. It cost 3,000 yen, roughly eight dollars, to get Kazuo's suit out of hock, and when John and I produced the money he collapsed in tears again. But Kazuo had a mercurial personality; he recovered rapidly, stripped off his clothes, rolled them into a bundle, and put on the suit, which was of dark green silk, clean and well-pressed. John, reading the pawn ticket, said it had been in the shop for months, and probably stolen before that. As we stepped out to the street again, Kazuo seemed enormously happy with this streak of good fortune. His only complaint, an amiable one, was that he should have elegant leather shoes like ours instead of rubber-soled sandals.

Our next stop was a very down-at-the-heel restaurant where we drank more beer and ate *sushi* (rice cakes and raw fish). Kazuo insisted that I eat slices of raw octopus that he carried over to our table in his hands. I ate the octopus. Kazuo said that I ought to eat globefish, which is a great delicacy, and which, if not cleaned properly, is poisonous enough to kill you. This idea tickled him; he laughed and laughed.

By now it was the middle of the afternoon. John suggested that we think seriously of shaking off Kazuo Watanabe. Kazuo did not wish to be shaken off; in fact he was alert to that very possibility. We left the restaurant and hailed a taxicab. When the cab pulled up to the curb, Kazuo popped into it first, and we followed. John instructed the driver to take us back to Roppongi, miles from Sanya, and I wondered how Kazuo would return. "Don't worry about him," John said.

During the taxi ride, Kazuo got progressively wilder. He threw his arms around John and me and kissed us. He bounced up and down on the seat. He said his brother was a member of the Diet. He said that he himself had studied law at Chuo University. He said he was a black belt judoist and grabbed me by the lapels to show how he could throw me. It was a relief when we got to Roppongi.

We went to a small upstairs bar in Roppongi called the Irish Coffee Shop, after waiting for Kazuo to urinate in the street. We had still more beer, and Kazuo showed no signs of tiring. Then John Takahashi said:

"Why don't you just take off. Don't say good-by, just leave. Suddenly. Go to Tom's (another Roppongi bar) and I'll see you there in a few minutes."

I said all right, and walked out. Kazuo did not come along. I went to Tom's, which is a few winding alleys away from the Irish Coffee Shop. John arrived a half hour later. He was alone, and breathing hard.

"I had to hit him," John said. "He followed me out, got pretty surly, said he wanted 2,000 yen before he went back to Sanya. Then, when he started to take off his coat I hit him, and I'm damned glad he was drunk."

"What was he?" I asked. "Was he really an Eta? Or just a bum?" I had the feeling that we had taken a long journey and had little to show for it, and that I was as perplexed as ever.

"I do know this," John said. "Just now, when he trailed me into the alley, he asked if he could work for me. He said he could take care of anyone I wanted taken care of. And those scars on his hands were knife scars. I think he's a hired killer.

"Okay," I said, "Okay. But was he an *Eta?*"

"Oh, hell," said John. "Maybe he was and maybe he wasn't. Who knows, for sure, what an Eta is?"

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BOOKS

Edith, Ian and all that—
by Martin Turnell

IN 1964 TWO VERY DIFFERENT personalities disappeared from the English literary scene: Edith Sitwell and Ian Fleming. The obituary notices of Edith Sitwell were laudatory. Although some of the writers had reservations, they felt on the whole that English literature had lost a major poet. I myself have the unworthy suspicion that the story belongs to case history rather than to literary history. Her background was aristocratic and her family what is known as "country." The aristocracy has always been a fertile breeding ground for eccentricity. Sir George Sitwell, the father of "the three Sitwells," was a notable English eccentric. Now eccentricity does not necessarily exclude conventional thinking in matters of birth and status. The Sitwells were hoping for a beautiful daughter who would be surrounded by eligible young men, who would make a "brilliant match" and become one of the ornaments of polite society. They were dismayed by the arrival of the ugly duckling. English parents do not easily forgive their children for a disappointment of this kind. Edith Sitwell's unhappy childhood played a decisive part in shaping the woman and the writer. The poetry readings of which she was inordinately fond looked like some new style intellectual variety act: in reality they were acts of protest. What *The Times* called "the formidable bejewelled and turbaned figure" declaiming her verses in that harsh, grating voice had certainly taken a leaf out of her eccentric father's book, but she was using what she had taken to protest against her lot, to try to impose herself on a society which does not care for overpowering women, but likes its women to be womanly.

The protest is equally apparent in the mannerisms of her early verse. Someone has called it "jazz" poetry. The formula is not a bad one, but it is more damaging than the writer realized. It was a protest both against the Victorian ethos of her childhood and against the Victorian conception of the "poetical." Her approach and tactics were very different from T. S. Eliot's; they were much more personal and much less effective. They produced the irritating tricks: the cacophony, the repetitive internal rhymes, the transposed images, the synaesthesia. The trees "hissing like green geese," "the noisy light," "the squealing light" were intended to startle and impress. They were no doubt startling in their time: if they no longer impress it is because we are not convinced that there is anything beneath the surface effects.

Gold Coast Customs has been described as her most important work and her *Waste Land*. It is scarcely a compliment to Eliot. *The Waste Land* is a vision—a highly organized vision—of the contemporary predicament: a world without faith drifting into meaninglessness. *Gold Coast Customs* belongs to the nightmare world of the "horror comics." There is no organization and no vision. There is simply a piling up of words suggesting horror and squalor which in the end becomes suffocating.

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Those who did not care for the verse of the early and middle periods were ready to hail the author of the last collections as a great poet. One of the obituarists mentioned Swinburne; St. John Perse might have been nearer the truth. The mannerisms are less in evidence, but the method and its vices are the same: words with highly emotional charges are piled up and left to do the work, or rather to work on the reader:

Under the great yellow flags and banners of the ancient Cold
Began the huge migrations
From some primeval disaster in the heart of Man . . .

Superficially, it sounds impressive, but the effect comes (as in St. John Perse) from the lavish use of adjectives of size and the coupling of "disaster" (heightened by "primeval") and "heart." The heavily inflated language creates the illusion of profundity.

It is too early to "legislate," wrote one of the more cautious of the obituarists. Critics are paid to stick their necks out and I have no intention of trying to protect my own. I think the dons are wrong (as they usually are in matters of literary judgment) and that the avant-garde critics are right. I think that Edith Sitwell is a test case: the touchstone for distinguishing what is poetry from what is not.

I CONFESS THAT IAN FLEMING was barely even a name to me when, a few years ago, one of the few remaining English intellectual reviews published an onslaught on his work. The author belonged to a much younger generation than my own. I do not know whether he had actually sat under Leavis; he had certainly not been a contributor to *Scrutiny* as I had. Nevertheless, Fleming received what might be called "the full *Scrutiny* treatment." The methods of "close criticism" were used to expose his violence, his sexiness and his snobbery, which were sternly denounced; and though John Buchan was not exactly a favourite of *Scrutiny's* the chivalrous attitude of his characters towards women was contrasted favorably with Bond's lecherousness. The article was intended to be a knock-out blow. Its effect on me was the reverse. I detest puritanism in any shape or form and I never had the slightest sympathy with the English Nonconformist outlook that coloured much of the writing in *Scrutiny*. "Fleming," I said to myself, "sounds like perfect light reading for the tired intellectual." And so, in my case, it proved to be.

I do not subscribe to the lofty view expressed by another contributor to RAMPARTS: Bond as the "tough," trusty, patriotic British public servant outwitting his country's enemies; the novels as useful repositories of information about foreign countries for the use of high-powered businessmen and the rest. One has the suspicion that Fleming wrote with his tongue in his cheek. He must have done so for part of the time, but there were occasions when he "boobed." Bond's guns were one example until an expert stepped in and put the novelist right. On other occasions he may have been pulling the innocent admirer's leg. There is nothing exotic or exclusive about Scotts restaurant; nothing "smart" about having one's prescriptions made up by Bell and Croyden, or even going there for a pick-me-up after a thick night as I have done: they are the one London chemists who run a twenty-four-hour service and their pick-me-ups are most effective. Lenthéric aftershave lotion, favored at one moment by Bond, is simply one of the more moderately priced of the better known brands. If he had said "Zygmunt" it would have been different, but few of his readers would have taken the point.

Asked about the recipe for a good film, the great D. W. Griffiths replied: "A girl and a gun." Fleming's books are firmly based on this old and immensely successful formula. They contain all the ingredients of the traditional adventure story, but they have been brought up to date and enlivened with some highly sophisticated variations. The gentlemanly amateur who is unwittingly involved in the activities of a gang, who fights "clean" and "comes out on top," belongs to the past. Bond is the ruthless, highly trained professional operating in the nuclear age. He is not merely a crack shot with any kind of weapon, he is expert in the latest methods of sabotage, a master of unarmed combat and a wizard at the gambling tables. The primary ingredient of the adventure story, however clean you fight, is violence. We all love a good smash. There are plenty of smashes in Fleming: buildings blown up, helicopters shot down, ships sunk, trains and cars wrecked, lakes set on fire by exploding petrol drums between Bond's boat and those of his pursuers. The variations are fascinating: not merely gun battles between man and man, but battles between man and shark; cars armed with multi-machine guns and ejectors for the removal of unwelcome passengers; shoes with razor-sharp knives dipped in deadly poison which puts "paid" to an incompetent agent's account in seconds, treacherous agents vaporized. We know all about concealed bombs, concealed telephones, concealed wireless apparatus, but a concealed cinematograph camera recording Bond's triumphs in the lovely spy's bed really is a bit of a novelty.

The results are exciting and often very funny—funnier on the screen than on the printed page—but neither excitement nor fun is the secret of Fleming's success. The books are adult fairy stories designed to provide the tired intellectual with a vicarious satisfaction, a release for his less worthy sentiments: violence, sadism and sex. Fleming's originality lies in the particular relation between the girl and the gun. In John Buchan the story ends with the bronzed, inarticulate hero—"the

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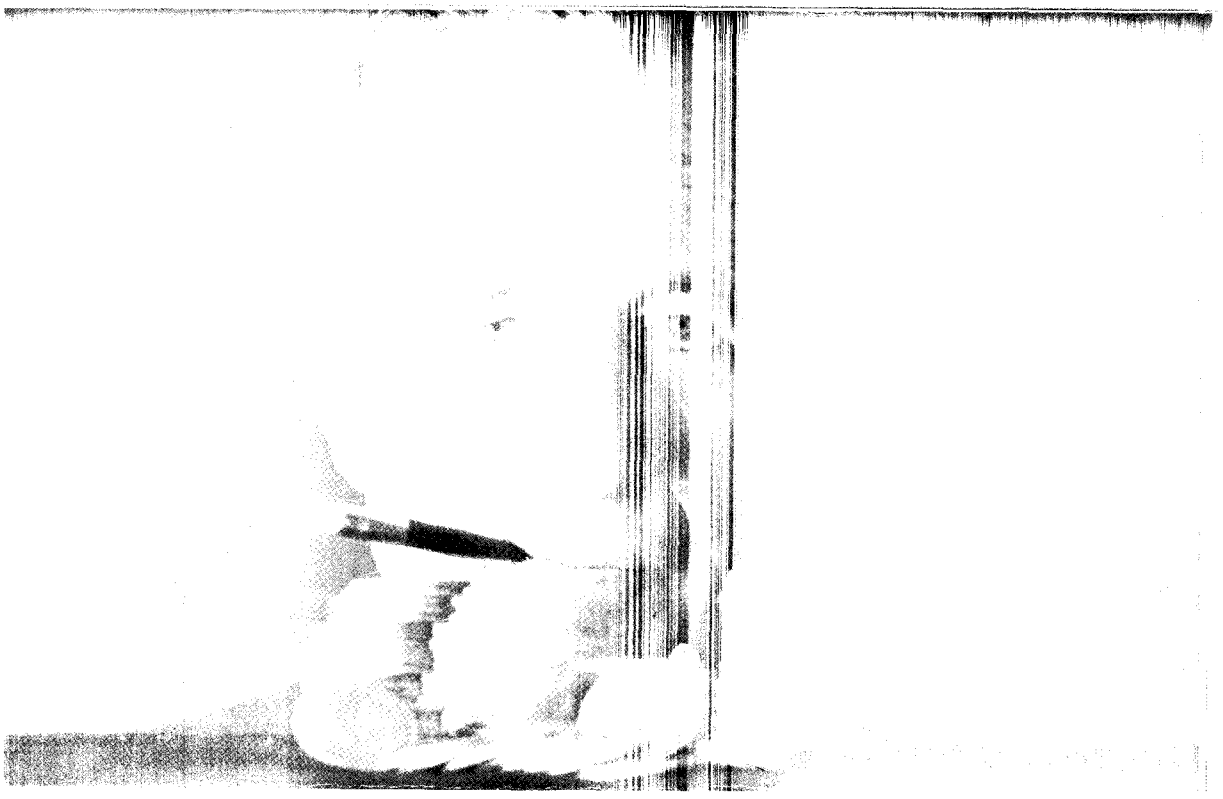

'. . . A girl and a gun and a zipper . . .'

'. . . the formidable bejeweled and turbaned figure . . .'

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strong silent man" – leading the demure and still less articulate heroine of a dozen last-minute rescues to the altar. Neither altar nor register office has any place in Bond's world. He is not cynical about women; he is an inveterate womanizer whose attitude is neatly described by Henri de Montherlant's "affectionate copulation." Fleming's novels end (except when time is needed for the lacerated flesh to heal) with a leap from battle into bed, with a tremendous coupling with the lushest of accomplices. It is this sexiness which permeates the books. One example will suffice. It comes from *Diamonds Are Forever*.

And then he just said, softly, "My darling," and put one hand in her hair so that he could hold her mouth where he wanted it.

And after a while his other went to the zip fastener at the back of her dress and without moving away from him she stepped out of her dress and panted between kisses. "I want it all, James. Everything you've ever done to a girl. Now. Quickly."

The first two sentences might have come from any sex novelette. It is the last fourteen words that reveal the touch of this particular master.

"BUSY TODAY," SAID THE WAITER at the hotel where we were staying for the Chichester Festival. "Olivier's doing his stuff." He was "doing his stuff" in *Othello* and the public swarmed into Chichester for the matinée. The teenagers were allowed to camp in the theatre precincts – crowds of them with sleeping bags and rugs – to make sure of the unreserved seats without having to pay high prices for hotel rooms. Twenty years ago I admired Olivier in that controversial tour de force: *Oedipus Rex* and *The Critic* in a double bill. In general I do not greatly admire "his stuff." His performance in *Othello* struck me as one of the most overrated performances in recent years. His voice lacks the richness and the resonance necessary for high tragedy, particularly when one remembers Paul Robeson's tremendous performance as Othello. In this production there had been so many fits and faints, so much gambolling on the stage, that he was finished before the climax was reached. The last act, which contains some of the greatest poetry in the play, was a dead loss.

A good deal of the blame for the artistic failure rests with the producer. The National Theatre has plenty of stars and no producers. The Royal Shakespeare Theatre Company, now operating in London as well as at Stratford-upon-Avon under the direction of Peter Hall, who graduated as a producer, has fewer stars but has been much more fortunate in its producers. What a first class producer can do with a mediocre play is demonstrated by Peter Brook's production of the play known for short as the *Marat/Sade*. It is a modern German work about the Marquis de Sade mounting plays at the lunatic asylum where he is incarcerated and using the inmates to perform them. The play is full of vacuous, high-flown "talk," but the presentation of the gibbering, squawking, giggling, shrieking, fighting lunatics provided London audiences with a spectacle which they will long remember.

THE REAL PROBLEM of the contemporary theatre is not lack of producers, but lack of playwrights who have anything to say. The three worst plays that I saw last year all had famous names attached to them: John Osborne's *Inadmissible Evidence*, Peter Shaffer's *Royal Hunt of the Sun* and Graham Greene's *Carving a Statue*. Osborne's play was given a trial run of four weeks at the Royal Court Theatre in Chelsea where he made his name ten years ago with *Look Back in Anger*, but it did not reach the West End. *The Royal Hunt of the Sun*, specially written for the National Theatre and first seen at Chichester, is a play about the Spanish conquest of Peru: one of those wordy, pretentious plays which so easily slip into the repertories of national theatres and give them a poor reputation among the discerning.

Greene's ran for six weeks with shrinking audiences at a West End theatre. A Catholic critic, writing in one of the Sunday papers, remarked that it was difficult to believe that without Greene's name it would ever have got to the West End. It is, indeed, staggering in its feebleness. It is a study of a middle-aged and none too gifted religious sculptor – denomination unstated, presumed Roman Catholic – who for fifteen years has been working on a gigantic statue of God the Father. The play drips with "symbolism," but the only things that interested me were the seductions, or attempted seductions. When the hopelessly neurotic solicitor in Osborne's play asks his women staff, on the inter-com, how their sex life is doing, or makes the pair of them on the office floor after closing time, the effect is merely fatuous. It is far otherwise with Catholic writers. From Barbey d'Aurevilly and Huysmans to Mauriac and Graham Greene, the one thing they do superbly is a seduction, perhaps because they are less inhibited, or simply more immodest, than their unbelieving *confrères*. In *Carving a Statue* a brassy little tart in skintight jeans sets to work on the sculptor's teenage son, trying to steer a reluctant hand to the part of her anatomy where it should repose during a really good kiss. She fails. The sculptor enters and the son departs. In a religious art studio there is, inevitably, much talk of "virgins," a word that sorely puzzles the innocent son. "I think you're still partly a virgin," remarks the father to the little piece. "I'd better finish the job." He carries her off to a small office in a corner of the studio. A few minutes later the lady emerges minus jeans asking the way to the bathroom. The sculptor thinks that

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he can now get God's left eye – the one with the malicious squint – right. The boy reappears with a new girl who is deaf and dumb and chaste. It is now the turn of the family doctor – a rare old goat – who tries his wiles on her in his consulting room. She bolts for the street and is killed by a passing car. There is a reconciliation between father and son on the scaffolding surrounding the immense white elephant. No doubt there is some deep religious meaning behind it all, but it escaped me completely.

ANOTHER CELEBRATED ARTIST has been "doing her stuff" for the entertainment of the British public. In December Marlene Dietrich came to London to do a solo performance of songs for a two-week season. The season had to be extended for a week and she sang to packed houses. She was one of the screen idols of my youth and I was determined to see her in the flesh. It was a fascinating experience. She was not a great actress and is only doubtfully a singer, but at sixty-two she looked marvelous with the delicate high cheek bones, the mass of blonde hair and the lock which still falls obstinately into her eyes as it did at the big moments in her films thirty years ago. She was never a Garbo in looks or as an artist, but she belongs to the same era: the golden age of Hollywood, the age when the *monstres sacrés* really deserved their label. It is arguable that the international stars of our own time – the Jeanne Moreaus and the Monica Vittis – are finer artists and they are incomparably more fortunate in their directors than their predecessors; it is unlikely that they will ever have the same glamour as that charmed circle in the thirties. It is a glory that has departed.

THE SUNDAY NEWSPAPERS have been playing their usual end of the year game: prominent writers, men of letters, reviewers and other scribes name what they consider the "best books" of the year. Someone opted for Phyllis Grosskurth's *John Addington Symonds:* "a wonderfully intelligent and sympathetic study of a major Victorian aesthetician and man of letters." The reviewer in *The Times Literary Supplement*, one feels, was nearer the mark when he said that the only interesting thing about Symonds was his homosexuality. Mrs. Grosskurth's biography is interesting not as a study of a rather lightweight man of letters, but for its picture of Victorian *moeurs*. Symonds was born at Bristol in 1840 and was the son of a doctor. He discovered his sexual propensities at an early age, but in his student years did no more than indulge in sentimental friendships for choirboys. During his last year at Harrow a fellow sixth-former boasted to Symonds that he was having an affair with the headmaster, the Reverend Dr. Vaughan. The news preyed on his mind. The following year at Oxford he confided in the Professor of Latin. The professor was deeply shocked. He insisted on Symonds taking the train to his native Bristol and informing his father. Dr. Symonds was a formidable character: the relentless Victorian moralist who was shaky about the existence of God, but implacable on what now seem little more than moral peccadilloes. He promptly wrote to his son's old headmaster giving him the choice of resignation or exposure. Negotiations went on for several months. Mrs. Vaughan visited Bristol, flung herself at Dr. Symond's feet and begged for mercy. He was adamant. The headmaster resigned prematurely and became vicar of a large Anglican parish in the north of England. A few years later he was offered and acceptd a bishopric. Dr. Symonds at once intervened to remind him that one of the terms of the agreement was that the unhappy man should not accept any high ecclesiastical preferment. Dr. Vaughan was placed in the embarrassing position of having to tell the Prime Minister, Lord Palmerston, that he was unable after all to accept. It was not, indeed, until many years later when Dr. Symonds was dead that he was appointed to the deanery of Llandaff.

The fact that he had been the instrument of Dr. Vaughan's ruin did not produce any striking change in John Addington Symonds's own inclinations. He became freer in the expression of them though he was not without guilty feelings. He thought, as other homosexuals have thought, that marriage might prove a cure. In 1864 he wooed and won Miss Janet North, daughter of the Conservative Member of Parliament for Hastings. The writer whom I have already quoted commends Mrs. Grosskurth for writing "without any trace of prurience." Nor is her book without humor whether intentional or not. This is her comment on the honeymoon:

> *The first few days of the honeymoon were passed in Brighton, where the young couple fumbled and blushed and irritated each other. Since Symonds lacked the faintest knowledge of female anatomy, it was several nights before the marriage was consummated.*

As a cure the marriage was not exactly a success. Some years later Symonds made a pact with his wife which was as ruthless in its way as his hateful father's with the Vaughan family. He would be a good husband and father, he promised, provided that it was understood that he could look elsewhere than in marriage for sexual satisfaction. The unhappy wife accepted, as the Vaughans had accepted, a somewhat different proposition. An ugly world, but is our own, for all its tolerance, any better? There were indiscretions in Symonds' writings, but at least he did not publish accounts of his adventures during his wife's lifetime as Gide was to do in the second decade of the twentieth century.

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REVIEWS

My Father, the Child

Jean-Paul Sartre, THE WORDS. An autobiography. Translated from the French (LES MOTS, Librarie Gallimard, Paris, 1964) by Bernard Fechtman. George Brazillier, New York, 1964. 225 p. $5.

Reviewed by JONATHAN KETCHUM *who studied musicology at Harvard University and has written book reviews on psychology and philosophy which have appeared in* ERASMUS, *published in Stuttgart, Germany.*

ENOUGH HAS ALREADY been written on the grace, wit, humor, and stylistic acumen displayed in this work; it is a distinguished piece of writing, whatever its technical difficulties may be. And it would be perverse, after Sartre has taken the trouble to disentangle his own experience from the conscious cultural setting of a man of letters, to bury the clear individuality he is at pains to reveal in a mountain of remarks on the history of autobiography in France (*and* elsewhere), on the relation of this work to the educational novel, or on autobiography and psychoanalysis, without taking pains first to clarify some of the main themes. Only one will be mentioned here: if the character of alienation, estrangement, and paranoia (to give three names to the same nexus) can be grasped as it emerges from the concrete experiences of Sartre's childhood, then a new understanding can be won of all those elements in his other works which have gained him the reputation of being atheistic, nihilistic, and sick.

One of the merits of a good autobiography is the ability to call the reader to his own autobiography. In the present case, that requires the reader to come to understand the character of his own alienation; inability to do so is a real obstacle in the way of penetrating the depths of Sartre's ironic wit. Another merit is the ability to show the universal meaning of a concrete experience, or to put it differently, to struggle with the images of contingency and destiny without loading the dice. This autobiography possesses both these merits; though it does not assert as an article of metaphysical dogma that alienation is a fundamental aspect of the human condition, it certainly leads to the conclusion that there is no choice open to us apart from a radical examination of our social condition, or a bland and deceived acceptance of it.

It would be a mistake to suppose that Sartre's growing disaffection with himself is to be explained away as a problem peculiar to contemporary France, or to a child with a particular family structure. That is the way it first appeared to him. He grasped his individuality. But he also sees and reports the structure of his idealism as if now realizing that he was living for himself those attitudes which we come to know also through the study of philosophy and history; and, clearly and consciously present to the reader not only as the little child described, but also as the aging man coming to understand the structure of his life, he shows that child caught in one of the most timeless mantraps: talented mediocrity.

Kierkegaard wrote, "Life is lived forwards, but understood backwards." It is a peculiar illusion of positivism to suppose that any his-

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tory at all could be written in any other way, that things could be described "exactly as they were," and that Sartre, therefore, in his effort to give meaning to his childhood by endowing his elders with general cultural characteristics, is somehow cheating, because he did not experience as a child what he describes as a man. Grandfather Charles, one complains, has been made into a statue of the bourgeois intellectual. And so he has. But this is Sartre's attempt at universality. Whoever complains that such universality "is not really there" has advanced a view of the world and history which we can hardly combat here; let us only say that it is not Sartre's, and such an approach will not lead anyone to an understanding of his idea of history and destiny, whether that idea is true or deluded.

In fact, Sartre's alienation has as one of its characteristics estrangement from those who appropriate knowledge as a commodity, even though he catches himself at the same game. It's fake, like everything else in the comfortable, secure, *intellectual* bourgeois world in which he was raised. It remains here to set forth his alienation from this environment concretely.

The real world is illusion, and the invisible world is real: philosophy or madness? "Our visitors would leave, I would be left alone, I would escape from that graveyard of banalities and go back to life, to the wildness in books. . . . The characters would loom up without warning, would love and quarrel and cut each other's throat; . . . [they] did not seem at all to be guided by our principles." But this experience is only the beginning of a process of continued estrangement from the social world of his family. The whole process moves rapidly through three stages: the fakery and boredom of the social world cannot meet the standard of vivid reality in books, and physical presence is no match for the spiritual; but the crustacean god of death and terror, freezing time into the immortality of books, snatches their reader from the world of flesh and blood, and, under the pretense of salvation, forces him, too, to transfigure himself into a sphinxlike tome. The freedom to escape is the destiny of death.

"My mother had gone off . . . I was in exile. And besides, I didn't recognize her speech. . . . A moment later, I realized: it was the book that was speaking. Frightening sentences emerged from it: they were real centipedes, they swarmed with syllables and letters." At their very first appearance, the words are already more real than the reader, fascinating, and threatening. It is they, and not the present person, who have the power.

Likewise, names and statements have authority over visible space. " 'There's someone missing here: Simonnot.' I escaped from the lady-novelist's arms, I took refuge in a corner. In the center of a tumultuous ring, I saw a column: Mr. Simonnot himself, absent in the flesh. That prodigious absence transfigured him. . . . The mere mention of his name had sufficed for emptiness to sink like a knife into the crowded room." Here again, more powerfully, the word triumphs over appearance.

And is this word the all-powerful word of God? No. The great masterworker of absence is death: "When I was seven years old, I met real Death, the Grim Reaper, everywhere, but it was never there. What was it? A person and a threat. The person was mad. As for the threat, it was this; shadowy mouths could open up anywhere, in broad daylight, in the brightest sun, and snap me up. Things had a horrible underside. When one lost one's reason, one saw it. To die was to carry madness to an extreme and sink into it. I lived in a state of terror; it was a genuine neurosis." First, the enchantment of the word, the seduction of that fleshless freedom; second, the power of the presence

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THE PASTOR and the RACE ISSUE

by Daisuke Kitagawa

How should a pastor preach about the race issue? How can he best approach the issue in pastoral counseling? What concrete actions should he take in his church and in his community in the recurring crises of race relations? Daisuke Kitagawa, an American clergyman born in Japan, here presents a practical and disciplined pastoral program on this issue. What must any churchman understand if he is to support such a program?

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of the spirit, even in the absence of the flesh; and finally, the terror of the annihilating spirit everywhere.

It would be a pleasant dénouement if the God of orthodox Christianity could now be introduced to clear up this whole delusion with a conventional dose of religious psychiatry. But the difficulty is that Sartre *was* an orthodox Christian, brought up with (so to speak) the combined benefits of Protestantism and Catholicism; more precisely, *he was a perfect bourgeois Christian* – just the kind which offers to clear the whole business up with a little orthodoxy, if not of faith, then of reason. "Of course our whole family believed in God, as a matter of discretion," and young Sartre too, until the "Big Boss" vanished, leaving a far more real and terrifying spiritual appearance – nothing, or death – in his place.

Alienation: the fakery of the social fabric, intellectuality *comme il faut*, the young Sartre's own hypocrisy in his love for books, the terror of immortality, and the god of death. The reader will also find the child's first efforts to work himself out of this world view, and a hint of the revolution to come, which is not recorded in this description of his childhood. But first the depth and generality of the alienation itself must be understood. The great atheists in sociology and anthropology – Durkheim, Freud, Frazer – describe God as a projection, as a chimera or reflection of society's image of itself. What was described by Durkheim was experienced by Sartre. That easy and comfortable projection of the corporate image has nothing at all to do with Christ (whose name never appears). It is Death who watches over the structure of his life and reveals the power of the sacred. Not the Big Boss, yet nonetheless a real hierophant. Could it be, at this point in Christian history, that the madness of paranoia is a little closer to reality than the formalism of the bourgeois "Christian" *honnete homme?*

A Brogue Without Breath

THY TEARS MIGHT CEASE by Michael Farrell. New York: Alfred Knopf. 577 pp. $6.95.

Reviewed by THOMAS FLANAGAN *of the English Department of the University of California at Berkeley and author of* THE IRISH NOVELISTS; 1800–1850 *and numerous short stories.*

CRITICS IN ENGLAND and in his native Ireland have accepted Michael Farrell's sole and posthumous novel as a major work of fiction, and have compared it to *Doctor Zhivago* and *The Leopard*.

It must be said at the outset that *Thy Tears Might Cease* does not justify the praise which is implicit in the comparison. It is a tempting comparison: Farrell's long, eventful narrative is at once the spiritual odyssey of Martin Reilly, his semi-autobiographical hero, and a social history of Ireland from the deceptively peaceful days of 1910 to the savage guerrilla warfare of 1919–1922. Like Pasternak and Lampedusa, he is the chronicler – elegiac, passionate, and sardonic – of a society which collapses beneath the weight of unmet promises, of a revolution waged for lofty but ambiguous ideals, of a new and raw society to which he cannot commit himself but which he is too loyal and proud to reject.

His book, like theirs, comes to us from the tomb of a buried life, summarizing and judging a momentous social transformation. Like theirs, it comes with a history of composition which seems somehow to bear a valid relationship to the experience which the novel embodies.

But unlike them, unfortunately, he was utterly incapable of exercising any measure of artistic control. He loves and admires his hero to a degree which robs the book of moral complexity and resilience. He was himself aware of this. The subject which he kept subordinate – Ireland's passage into the blind, consuming violence of the modern world – is indeed worthy of a major novel, and the book is scarred by his efforts to bring its personal and social themes into unity. This was one of the problems which kept him at work on the manuscript for well over twenty years – so long a time, in fact, that his "great Irish novel" was a staple of Dublin's mocking gossip.

His many drafts, revisions, and additions contain scenes of strength and haunting loveliness; he often confronts issues which have rarely been considered in Irish fiction. But he could not produce the work of art which he wished desperately to write. His manuscript was a version of himself; it celebrated the vanished Ireland of his youth and justified his present, embattled situation. Lacking the necessary discipline of the artist he held fast to it, and it remained for his friend Monk Gibbon to reduce it to its present manageable length.

But it is not difficult to explain the favor which the book has found among Irish readers, nor to sympathize with this over-estimation. Farrell belonged to a generation which included finer and more disciplined writers – Frank O'Connor, Sean O'Faolain, Austin Clarke. It was in every sense a revolutionary generation. In their youth the air of Dublin was electric with the excitement of literary enterprise and experiment, and its streets were the fields of a political and social battle.

Not all or even most of the writers of that crucial generation were active in the political conflict, but it

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is significant that O'Connor, who remains the best of the Irish prose writers, fought with the Republicans. It is significant, too, that Isaac Babel was one of O'Connor's earliest masters. And no writer of the period escaped the experience of swift, decisive change. In the decades which followed, as Ireland came to uneasy terms with her new existence, most writers moved to new themes and subjects. Some found that they were still fighting a war—but now against a Church which has not chosen to display to Ireland her most genial aspect, or against a harsh puritanism which had gained strength during the Troubles.

The best of them have thrived upon this conflict. If O'Connor were marooned on a cannibal isle he would be made chieftain in a week and within a month would be teaching Old Irish to the more promising of the head-hunters. Out of his lover's quarrel with the new Ireland has come the intensity and serene confidence which literature grants to those whom it favors.

Farrell was not exempt from the experiences of his generation. Although his role during the Troubles was fairly passive, he served his term in prison. He broke from the Church and later he married a divorced woman: neither action was calculated to endear him to his compatriots. And his unending novel was intended, in part, to vindicate the temper and spirit which lay behind these acts, to indict the harsh provinciality which opposed them.

The essential point, however, is that his natural talents were not suited for such an enterprise. Dr. Gibbon writes of his book: "It was a large, unwieldy novel almost in the Victorian mode. In many ways it stood a great deal nearer to Emily Brontë or to Thomas Hardy, than to James Joyce." And so it does. Its faults are Edwardian. Martin Reilly's encounters with Leinster cattle-dealers, Christian Brothers, super-patriots, and officers of the Black-and-Tans are without exception victories of a radically innocent spirit over the emissaries of a sinful and imperfect universe. They read like pages discarded from the manuscript of *Stephen Hero*. Its anti-clericalism is so much that of Samuel Butler that at any moment one expects to hear Martin ask where Cain found his wife.

But it was Farrell's talent which allowed his leisurely, loving evocation of pre-revolutionary Ireland, and which allowed him to trace the swift, violent changes which befell it. And this, in turn, delivered a great subject to him, a subject which he recognized but could not control.

The Irish, we are told repeatedly, are a people haunted, if not dragon-ridden, by history. It is the nightmare from which Stephen Dedalus struggles to awake. And in one sense that is profoundly true. But in a different sense they stand now cut off from history by the brave, necessary act which gained their independence. A firm line was drawn across their annals by the rebels who seized Dublin in 1916 and by the flying columns of the IRA. The world which lay on the far side of that line is gone now, and it was a world more various, more subtle than official, patriotic history allows. But the land itself has not learned this. Standing by the demesne gate of a Big House which was burned in the Troubles, one may well remember that its last inhabitant was a rack-renter and evictor. But memory is treacherous, and may tell us instead of the "ould colonel's" handsome way with women, or the horse he had which carried the day at the Galway Races. History is continuity, and if it is to act on the senses man must finger it link by link.

Farrell's sentiment for the past was so strong that it allowed him to recapture the world of his youth, a world in which loyalist and nationalist, Catholic and Protestant, maintained relations through an exquisite comedy of manners until gunfire drove comedy away. He held to the past with the tenacity of a man who remembers his youth across a void of empty years. It came to him in scenes and fragments which would not cohere, but it stands as a record of the fading years of an old order. And it is a social history, meticulous and sentimental, which he has written.

At his best, and almost despite himself, he rises above his limitations. He had a genuine love for the river which ran close to his place of birth, and his best scenes take place on or near it. Toward the end of his novel, his hero, weary, disillusioned, and hunted by the British, is carried down-river by a cynical barge-man named Murphy. Martin asks for his opinion on recent events and Murphy replies:

"The day I came back from burying Charles Stewart Parnell, I thought it all out and I told me mother—God give her His light now—that ye'd put one crowd out to put in another, and sure the second crowd would prove no different from the first, nor from any crowd that ever went before them. They'd maybe improve one thing; but if they did, they'd worsen another and better old thing, that was there before them. From that day to this, I've had no truck with any of them."

It is not a heroic view of life, and a deplorable guide to conduct, but Farrell earned his right to express it. Dr. Gibbon, in his introduction, writes: "What Farrell's book does is to show that stable world falling into disintegration at the dictates of fate. He reveals it faithfully in its various social strata, and then we see, as it were, the earth's crust bend and crumble under the stress of some vast internal upheaval, and a new and quite different geological formation take its appearance."

I cannot share Dr. Gibbon's opinion of Farrell's accomplishment as a writer, but like him I can feel the need for bridges—many of them—between present Irish life and the society which it replaced.

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The editors of Ramparts are pleased to announce the appointment of Terence Prittie, chief diplomatic correspondent of the Manchester Guardian, as Ramparts' London Correspondent. Mr. Prittie will write a regular column beginning in the May issue.

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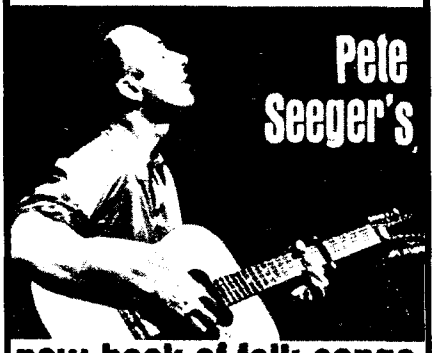

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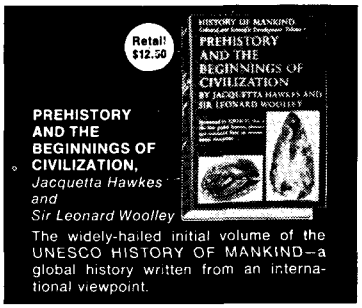

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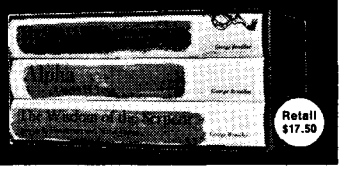

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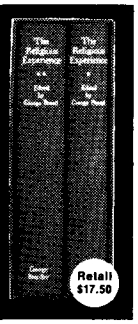

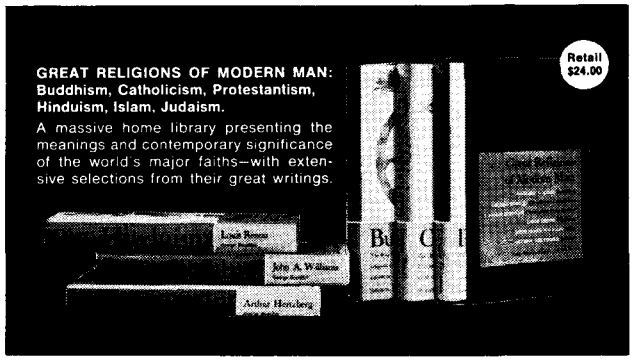

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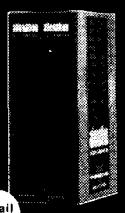

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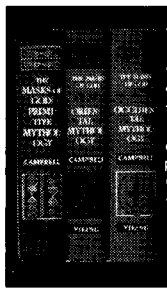

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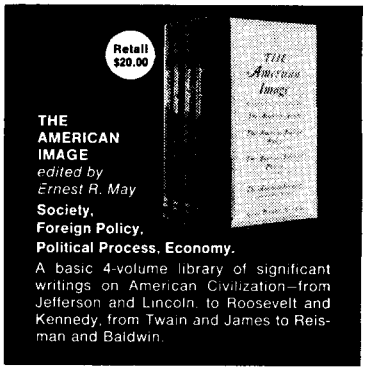

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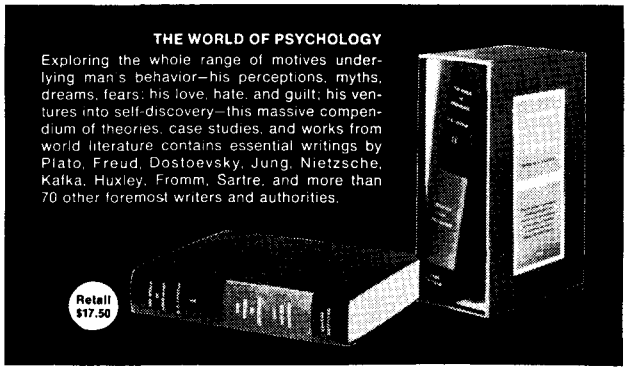

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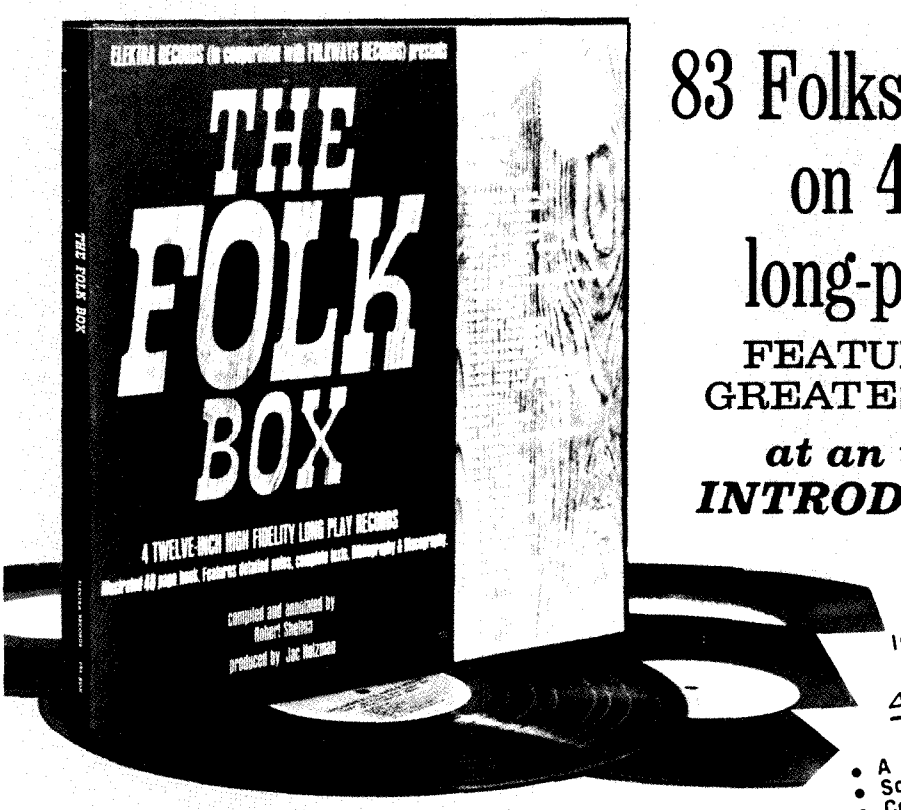
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